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# Church Hymns;

OR,

HYMNS FOR THE SUNDAYS, FESTIVALS,

AND OTHER SEASONS

OF

## The Ecclesiastical Year,

AS OBSERVED IN THE

## Church of England.

COMPILED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY

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# INTRODUCTION.

WHILE hymns of an ecclesiastical character, as distinguished from all other compositions of a less sacred kind to which the term hymn may be applicable, may be anticipated from the title prefixed to this volume by those who are in search of books of devotional praise for their own use, or as a medium of instruction in their families; it will as naturally be presumed by others to include in its meaning a collection of Christian songs designed, in the absence of an authorized Hymn-Book, to contribute, where its use might seem to be needed, to the efficient celebration of the Divine services of the sanctuary.

This is, indeed, the twofold purpose which this work will serve; the latter being by far the more prominent object which its compiler had in view.

Perhaps, however, on the submission to the Church of another compilation, in addition to those numerous collections of Hymns which have from time to time appeared, a few words more fully explaining its design may not unreasonably be expected. A further, and, considering the prejudices with which this subject is beset, an important end of this introduction, will be to vindicate the claims of the Christian Church to the use of Ecclesiastical Hymns in her services.

It has been attempted, then, in this selection to attain several objects:

First, to form such a book as both in its general arrangement and in the subject of its hymns would be found to correspond, as nearly as might be, and as the materials at the compiler's disposal would allow, with the leading idea of the Church services for the Sundays and sacred days and seasons throughout the year, especially as exhibited in the Gospels and Epistles. It has been frequently the subject of remark that, with whatever feelings of thankfulness we regard our Church's provision of services, and the order and aptitude of her holy and wise teaching in them, yet, that when we rise up in the solemn assembly to hymn forth our praises to the Ever-Blessed Trinity, and commemorate "our fathers, and the noble works God hath done in their days and in the old time before them," there is nothing which we more feel the absence of, or suffer in spiritual edification from the lack of, than such songs and hymns of praise as are directly applicable to the occasion, and give at once expression and direction to our feelings. It is only at the seasons of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and then very imperfectly, that we find appended to the Prayer Book any spiritual songs at all adapted to inspire our feelings with direct ideas and sentiments in harmony with those characteristic features which belong to the particular time. The compiler, therefore, hopes that the attempt to produce a series of hymns properly illustrative of the entire round of the Church's year, will be no slight recommendation to the acceptance of this work by many congregations.

Another object aimed at has been to select, as far as a patient collection from existing materials would permit, all such hymns as, while they would foster a spirit of reverence and be calculated to inculcate sound doctrine, would yet (many of them being already well known and prized by religious people) be interesting in subject and

harmonious in rhythmical flow, and, for the most part, of familiar images and thoughts, and, while possessing a charm for the ears and sensibilities of the uninstructed, would not, at the same time, prove unacceptable to the minds and tastes of the more refined. The compiler however is well aware that, owing to the great difficulty he has found in procuring hymns at once superior in point of composition and sound in doctrine, he has not been always so successful as could be desired in carrying out the nice line of selection he had described for himself.

A third object was, by recommending the constant and regular use of a more limited and more carefully chosen selection of hymns than is usually to be met with to encourage a taste and love for those sacred songs which are of an unexceptionable character. The compiler hoped that a collection of hymns might be formed, very many of which would become eventually that which the metrical versions of the Psalter have so conspicuously failed to be, the home, as well as the Church-songs of the Faithful; and might thus, in some measure, minister wholesome food to that craving after lyrical compositions of a direct Christian tendency which is so common among religious minds, and which, for lack of satisfaction in the Church, has unhappily sought its gratification, it is well known, among dissenting bodies.

And, as respects the limits of such a work, it can scarcely be doubted that the extent to which most hymn-books run, their defectiveness in plan, their want of doctrinal teaching, as well as the too great sameness and repetition of subjects and ideas, have been great obstacles to their more extensive influence among the people as instruments of Christian edification to them. If, indeed, we expect the Christian hymn to make its way in the cottages of the humble villager, or in the homes of our mechanics and artisans—if we expect it to be, as, indeed, it should be, helping to form the minds and influence the affections

of all ranks and walks of society, we must have a collection as distinctive in its teaching and varied in its subjects of thought as the formularies of the Church, to which it is designed to minister as a handmaid, are diversified in instruction and orthodox in their language; and which, moreover, in point of extent, shall not exceed the ordinary compass of men's memories.

Such are the principles and objects which, in the compilation of these hymns, have been mainly kept in view. The compiler will consider his pains not thrown away, if he has afforded but a few hints, in addition to the general testimony on the subject, towards the formation of the earnestly-desired and long-prayed-for "Authorized Church Hymn-Book;" or if his humble effort shall have effected any thing, either in his own congregation or in any other that may be induced to receive this collection, towards encouraging in the members of the Church a love and desire for the true Ecclesiastical hymn.

Another point which may not unreasonably call for a few observations, since, as we have before intimated, there is much misconception on the subject, is the question of the necessity of any hymn-book whatever under the existing circumstances of the Church of England. There lie, indeed, in the minds of a large proportion of the members of the Church of England, some objections against the use of hymn-books, which it might be well to show are little based on any tenable principles.

To some who, though desirous of seeing the Church possessed of her Authorized Hymn-Book, are shocked that any private person should be allowed to introduce unauthorized compositions into the Church service, it may be sufficient to say, that it is hardly possible to conceive how otherwise their desire should be accomplished. Indeed, the fallacy would appear to consist here in supposing that the Hymns of the Church would be of immediate growth—that they should be composed in a synod,

or that a decree should issue from it for their immediate composition; and that the operation of time, and experience, and general consent would not be needed to enable such a body to determine what was fitting for temple worship, and what was not. Now it is not to be denied that the Holy Spirit's influence might be so extended to a solemn assembly met for such an object, as to bring its counsels to a desirable issue; yet it is certain that the history of the Church would furnish no precedent for the step, and that the growth of hymnology within the Church of God has been left more to private and individual efforts. For example, to go back to the times of direct inspiration, the songs of Zion begin, as far as we have any knowledge, with Moses and Miriam, but seem scarcely to be confirmed to the Church till the times of David and Solomon. In the Christian Church, also, the growth of a body of hymns suitable to her necessities was evidently a progressive work. We possess many intimations, besides those of S. Paul, in the early writers of Christianity[1], of the use of hymns in the assemblies of the faithful; but it is plain that the final recognition of them, like many other important points both of doctrine and discipline, was not effected without a struggle[2]; certain asserting that they ought to be admitted into the Divine offices, and others the contrary. Hence, in 560, the twelfth canon of one of the councils held at Braga forbids the singing of any hymns in the Church, save the Psalms and passages from the Scriptures; but the Council of Toledo, in 633, condemns

[1] Pliny's description of the early Christians "assembling before dawn and singing a hymn to Christ as God," is well known. Eusebius produces from a certain ancient author, in a book against the heresy of Artemon, the following important passage: "Psalms and the songs of the brethren, *written from the beginning by the faithful*, glorified Christ the Word of God by attributing Divinity to Him."—*Euseb. Hist. Eccl.* lib. v. cap. xxviii.

[2] According to Bingham, Paul of Samosata was the first to find fault with the use of hymns in churches. They witnessed, in fact, to the truth, in opposition to his novel and heretical doctrines.—Bk. xiv. c. i. s. 17.

the opinion of those who deemed it wrong to sing hymns composed by men in honour of the Apostles and martyrs, on account of their not being taken out of Holy Scripture, nor authorized by tradition. It is stated that some objected even to the singing of the Gloria Patri on this account, to such an excess did a strong prejudice carry very many. The agitation of the question finally issued in a decree which permitted in Divine worship the use of hymns, which were not taken out of Holy Scripture, on condition only that such should be used as were composed by good authors [3]. It appears that the Latin hymns were of gradual collection from very early times, and were, as late as 1623, subjected to a general revision. In the Gallican Church, even these did not escape a further revision [4].

Such has been the gradual growth of hymnology in the Christian Church. Were it indeed otherwise, perhaps the Church of England could not be exempted from blame, for having neglected to apply herself to this duty of composing for the use of her members a proper book of hymns. Whereas, she seems to have deemed it quite sufficient to mark her view of the kind of hymnic compositions which should be used in the sanctuary, and to leave, as all Churches in a formative or in a reforming condition are obliged to do, the settlement of the things which are wanting to the operation of time, and to the labours of those who come after. At the Reformation it was rather to be desired than expected, that poets should be found fitted to undertake the work of translating the ancient Church Hymns [5]. The reformers, therefore, contented

[3] See Bingham; and Landon's Councils.

[4] Dict. des Cultes.

[5] "Archbishop Cranmer did himself attempt it, at least the 'Salve Festa Dies,' as he mentions in a letter to the king, expressing a desire, that as his English verses wanted the grace and faculty which he could wish they had, his majesty would cause some other to do them in more pleasant English and phrase."—*Collier's Eccles. Hist.* vol. ii. p. 206. *Preface to Williams's Hymns.*

themselves with laying down the germ of future proceedings in this excellent work, which, as God might bless His Church with poetical gifts, would be hereafter developed. She vindicated accordingly her claim, not only to the use of the Psalter and the Scripture hymns, but to such sacred compositions as the Gloria in Excelsis and the Te Deum, derived immediately from Holy Writ; and also to those less directly taken from scriptural sources, namely, to metrical hymns, by adopting one of them in her Ordination Offices, the Veni Creator Spiritus. As this, too, was taken from the ancient service-books, a sanction was thus afforded to the use of such of the remainder of them as might be found of pure doctrine.

To those, however, who object to hymn-books on the ground that the metrical version of the Psalms, attached to but forming no part of our Prayer Book, is in general use throughout the country, and that it can be made to supply the place of hymns in our services, it may be answered:—1st, that bishops have recommended or sanctioned the use of hymn-books in their dioceses, and that they are now almost as extensively used as the metrical Psalms; and thus it is no longer possible to fall back upon this basis of uniformity; and, 2ndly, that the metrical Psalms can by no means be brought to effect that amount of good which is the design and end of the Christian hymn.

There is, indeed, an essential difference between psalms and hymns, a due consideration of which fact is sufficient to show the very anomalous position which the metrical version of Psalms occupies in our Church services. S. Jerome[6], in distinguishing between psalms and hymns, assigns to the former an ethical province; while the latter are more immediately directed to celebrate the praises of

[6] Hymni sunt qui Dei fortitudinem et majestatem prædicant, et ejusdem semper vel beneficia vel facta mirantur; quod omnes Psalmi continent, quibus Halleluia vel propositum vel subjectum est. Psalmi autem propriè ad ethicum locum pertinent.

God's might and majesty. And, agreeably with this distinction, we find that similar compositions to the Psalms of David were known and in use in the assemblies of the early Christians. Thus S. Augustine is stated by Bingham to have composed a psalm in imitation of the 119th Psalm, and to have employed it as a vehicle of teaching against the errors of the Donatists in the public services of the Church. Here, then, is one very observable difference, and one which was most probably in the mind of the Spirit, when dictating to S. Paul (Eph. v. 19. Col. iii. 16) the distinction of the songs to be used in the Christian Church into psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs. But perhaps, also, we may claim this passage with as much truth, as constructed no less to embrace the ecclesiastical distinction which has commonly obtained, and understand by "psalms" those Divine songs specially which are known as the Psalms of David, and, by "hymns," the compositions of Christian authors. There seems, indeed, to be little doubt that the words were often, in the earliest days of Christianity, used without distinction; and hence, on the one hand, we have our Saviour, while the Jewish dispensation was not as yet quite passed away, represented as singing a hymn[7], when perhaps a psalm or psalms of David was in reality used by Him: and again, on the other, we have S. Paul complaining of the Corinthians that when they came together every one had a psalm, whereas, most likely, a Christian hymn is the thing

[7] "Lastly, a fourth cup of wine, called the cup of the hallel: over it they completed, either by singing or recitation, the great hallel or hymn of praise, consisting of Psalms cxv. to cxviii. inclu-ive, with a prayer, and so concluded."—*Lightfoot's Temple Service*, cxiii. (*Works*, vol. i. pp. 959—967.) "In like manner our Lord and his disciples, when they had sung a hymn, departed to the Mount of Olives."—*Horne on the Scriptures*, vol. iii. pt. iii. ch. iv. 1828. "The Book of Psalms is entitled, in Hebrew, the Book of Hymns or of Praises, because the principal part has for its subject the praises of God. The Greeks called them Psalms, because, in using them, they accompanied the voice with the sound of musical instruments." —*Dict. des Cultes.*

intended by him; for it is evident that those whom he speaks of as having every one a psalm, were not using in the Church the Psalms of David, but were blameable for misusing their spiritual gifts, either in composing psalms or hymns in excess, or in imposing them on the brethren arbitrarily, when composed, as the gifts of the Holy Spirit. As time, however, progressed, and the use of words became settled in the Church, "psalms" and "psalmody," it would seem, became the recognised terms to distinguish the Psalms of David as sung in the Church; while the word "hymns" was almost exclusively appropriated to mean those compositions, which the sacred poets of the Church from time to time bestowed upon her, in which Jesus Christ is immediately praised and worshipped with the Father and the Holy Ghost. Common usage recognises this distinction, and it is probably equally intended, in the language of S. Paul, with the interpretation already mentioned.

But, however this may be, there is manifestly an essential difference between the Psalms of David and the Christian hymn, which is the principal point here to be insisted upon. When, therefore, it comes to be duly considered what is the real place which the Psalms of David occupy in the devotions of Christians, it will be seen that however advantageous, however essential, and however blessed to their use are the songs of the elder Church, there is an obvious want of another description of song, the absence of which could scarcely have failed to be detrimental to the well-being of the Church.

For, while we admit that the Psalms are replete with the spirit of the Gospel, and that they speak of Christ and of His Church, and that in a way in which only the Holy Spirit directly inspiring the sons of men can speak; while we affirm of the Psalms, that they are no less the Christian's than the Israelite's songs of praise—yea, even that they are more the rightful possession of the former

than of the latter, inasmuch as the former has passed beyond the letter to the spirit of them—yet it is obvious that they are rather the *direct* addresses of thanksgiving to Almighty God of the Jewish saint of old, than the *natural* channel of praise of the Christian. But, as we have the same devotional necessities which caused a provision to be made for the direct address of the ancient Church to her Almighty King and Ruler; so, also, it would seem, might we justly look for a similar provision in the Christian Church. Let us freely admit that the Psalms of David were intended by God to be sung in the congregations of Christians before all other songs; yet, unless the Divine injunction has directly forbidden it, it no where appears that we may not, when the prior place and authority is given to these inspired songs, use also songs the direct issue of the Christian muse. If the peculiar hopes, fears, and sources of exultation from their past history naturally formed one peculiar feature in the sacred songs of the Jewish people; is it not likewise necessary that the Christian people should possess a direct poetical exponent of the feelings, actions and sentiments peculiar to them as a Church?

Not a little stress, likewise, may be laid upon the fact that the Psalms of David are in the highest degree mystical compositions; and that, while there are indeed clear waters at which all may quench their spiritual thirst, yet are there deep wells that the most learned cannot fathom. It was under these impressions that Bishop Heber remarked, "I have found, in conversing with the lower classes, that they really do not understand or appreciate the prophetic allusions of the Psalms of David; and require, besides the glorious moral and devotional lessons which these last contain, something more directly applicable to Christ, the Trinity, and the different holydays which the Christian Church observes."

Is it too much to say that the lower classes are not the only classes of society involved in this want of less mystical,

and more obviously direct, allusions to their hopes and positions as members of the Christian Church?

The Psalms, therefore, in this point of view, cannot serve the same purpose to the Christian saint as the hymns are designed to do. They are, indeed, made a vehicle for the Christian's voice of praise and thanksgiving; but it is often by such accommodation of the sense of very large parts of them, as so few are able to make, that it would seem peculiarly hard upon the Christian worshippers generally, that they should be debarred from other means of speaking to God in the more direct language of their hearts.

Now, as we have already the genuine Psalter in use in our Church, that portion of our Christian service of praise spoken of by S. Paul as the psalm is provided for; and all the ends, whether mystical, prophetical, ethical or otherwise, for which its use is retained in the Christian Church, duly secured. We, then, have no further need of psalms. If the Psalms metrical are to be dealt with on any terms at all, it is as substitutes for hymns that we must regard them. For as they are used not as entire psalms, but a selection is made of three or four verses, they can pretend no longer to serve in the solemn assembly the same office with the ancient psalm. But if they may not pretend to the dignity of the psalm, certainly they can in no degree be made to supply that necessity which we have just represented the members of the Church as labouring under. At best, the metrical Psalms can only be regarded as mutilated psalms and inefficient and imperfect hymns; a perversion of a Divine work made to act as a substitute, in the very lowest and most inefficient way, for another excellent work.

Nor is this subject to be quitted without insisting upon one other most important point in connexion with it. As long as these metrical Psalms are used in congregations they must, in some degree, serve to divert the attention

from the inspired Psalter, and thus injure the impression it is intended to convey to the minds of the members of the Church. While portions are selected from the metrical version easy of comprehension, as most fitted to celebrate the praises of God, will not most persons be led to deem the mystical portions of little value, as seeming not to affect practice, or to come directly home to the feelings?

If, too, by singing metrical Psalms and only saying the Psalter, we tacitly admit the distinction in vulgar use, of "singing psalms" and "reading psalms," can we expect that people in general should look upon what they call the "reading psalms" as the proper songs of the Church, and, as such, in the highest degree desirable to be stored up in their memories, to supply them with the inspired language of praise, and thanksgiving, and prayer, in all their devotional necessities?

There remain now only a few points to be alluded to briefly. It has been the aim of the compiler, in the formation of the directions for the use of these hymns, to follow as closely as possible the analogy furnished by the rubrics of the Common Prayer. Such words as mattins and evensong have been used, because they are still retained in the Table of Lessons and Proper Psalms, and because it was thought that no fitter can be employed in a book of sacred song. In like manner, where the hymn is ancient, the first words of the Latin are placed above it, after the model furnished in the Canticles and throughout the Psalter. These are points perhaps of no great moment, save that attention to these lesser manifestations of the Church's spirit, argues a probable purpose and desire to cling to her teaching in more important matters.

A more noticeable deviation from the general practice in the compilation of hymn-books is in the retention on principle, in almost all instances, of the hymns in their original length. Unnecessarily to curtail a hymn, simply for the purpose of reducing a whole collection to one

standard in point of length, appeared to the compiler, not to allege other reasons, a proceeding opposed to the precedent furnished by the Church, which, in the Veni Creator Spiritus, Gloria in Excelsis, Te Deum, Nunc Dimittis, Benedictus, and Benedicite, afford instances of hymns of every variety of length.

Among the occasional hymns, it might perhaps have been expected that some should have been inserted for the occasional offices, baptisms, churchings, marriages and burials. On a full consideration, however, this course was not pursued. If introduced into the public service at all, it could not be in the course of the offices, as no place for singing any thing but Psalms, and that only in the two latter, is appointed. They must, therefore, if any where, be introduced at the proper places in the Morning or Evening Services, and hence must displace one of the hymns, as adapted in this book to the services of the day; and as oftentimes this might be thought by the minister a most undesirable proceeding, especially on days, when the teaching of the Church is more than usually marked and impressive: and as these occasional hymns could not, therefore, be invariably used, so to omit them in some cases and to use them in others, must of necessity lead to jealousy and invidious feelings.

Some doubts have been entertained whether hymns should be sung on Good Friday. It seems to be a sufficient answer that the Church has appointed Proper Psalms for this day. Hymns appropriate for it have, therefore, been inserted in this collection.

To those persons, to whom it will afford matter of surprise that no hymn for the communion has been introduced among the Occasional Hymns, the following considerations are addressed. It will be very generally admitted that the use of a sacramental hymn in the course of the Communion Office itself is to be strongly deprecated as a violation of Church order, no rubric providing any,

either anthem or hymn, save the Sanctus and the Gloria in Excelsis. Too often, indeed, while the Sanctus and Gloria in Excelsis, appointed to be sung, have been left unsung, an unsanctioned hymn has been introduced into this most sacred service. And if a hymn may not be introduced in the Communion Office, is it not a great question whether a sacramental hymn, such, for instance, as "My God, and is Thy Table spread," as sung by the general congregation, can tend to edification, when by far the greatest proportion of them habitually absent themselves from the table of the Lord? Surely, words displaying a warm and lively interest in the holy communion and a great concern at the neglect of it, put thus in their mouths, can only increase the fearful unreality about holy things which so largely abounds amongst us.

A few words may be devoted to the consideration of the proper times for the introduction of the hymn. One obvious place will occur, that which is appointed for the anthem; for as hymns and private compositions have formed a portion of the anthem-books from the times of the Reformation, the anthem may be understood to embrace "hymns" in its meaning. The practice of introducing the Morning[8] and Evening Prayer with a hymn has been very generally abandoned, and with great reason, as opposed to the spirit of the service, which commences with the language of repentance, confession, and absolution, as preparatory to prayer. Any introduction of the language of praise is the more to be deprecated, as our Church has remarkably deviated from the Church of Rome in this respect. The next place, then, for the

[8] As a suggestion has been recently made, and catholic practice professedly asserted in support of it, that hymns should be used in village churches before the clergyman, who is often late, owing to variations in the time in country places, arrives; the compiler ventures to express his opinion that all congregational singing in church conducted without the presence of the minister is contrary to the analogy of public worship. In no case should the congregation be left without the presence of one clergyman to preside while any act of Divine worship is being performed.

introduction of a hymn, would be after the Morning Prayer, and before the Order for Holy Communion, in the morning; and after the Evening Prayer, and before the sermon, in the evening. A hymn is indeed used after the Nicene Creed, and immediately before the sermon in the morning service, in many places; but this practice, besides its want of authority, destroys the connexion of teaching which is meant by the Church to be exhibited in the gospel, creed, and sermon. The place of the anthem therefore, and that after the Morning and Evening Prayer is finished, are the places which have been provided for in this collection. Another place is that at the conclusion of the evening sermon, where, without the violation of any rule or principle and with great increase to devotion, a hymn may be introduced; and, accordingly, a hymn for the holydays of our Blessed Lord, and two evening-hymns, have been supplied at the end of the collection with this view. Where, too, an Apostle is also a martyr, it is obvious that one of the hymns for a martyr might take the place of the usual Evening Hymn.

It may have been just possible to have provided two suitable hymns for every morning and two for every evening, as well as for the principal festival days; though, it is to be feared, the additions would have been very unequal to the general character of the hymns in this book. But, besides that there is no good reason why a congregation should not sing the same hymns morning and evening, but rather the contrary, inasmuch as both hymns and tunes thus become the more familiar to them, the great labour of preparing a choir for the constantly recurring service is thus materially reduced.

It will be seen that the ancient hymns, which comprise about one-third of the whole collection, have not been selected to the exclusion of more modern compositions; but because, in addition to their claims as venerable monuments connecting us with the ages that are past, they

truly harmonize with the doctrine of the Church of England, and are calculated, better than any others that could be found, to illustrate her ritual services. The version of the Veni Creator Spiritus adopted by our Church in her "Ordering of Priests" and "Consecration of Bishops," has not been inserted in this collection. It seemed to the compiler very desirable that it should be held sacred to the peculiar and solemn use to which the Church has separated it.

The sources whence the hymns have been obtained are acknowledged in the Index. A rapid glance at the frequent recurrence of most respected names, will furnish some idea of the character of the whole collection. The compiler has ventured to supply doxologies wherever they were needed, which was the case with almost all the modern hymns. Some of these are compilations and adaptations, and some are original.

It was thought desirable to add a list of tunes to which the hymns are sung by the congregation of which the compiler is the Minister. An attempt has been made, as nearly as might be, to provide an appropriate tune for each hymn, the compiler being persuaded that the practice of applying tunes to any metre to which they may be sung is very much calculated to neutralize the full influence of the Christian hymn. It is obvious that Church music should be as much associated with words in people's minds, as secular music is with the songs to which it is adapted. As it is, there are few Ecclesiastical tunes, and fewer Christian songs, which can be said to have obtained a place in the affections of the people. May not this, in part, be owing to the constant practice, even in the same church, of varying the tune to the same words? A hymn and its appropriate tune were designed to go together—the tune to suggest the words of the hymn, the hymn to call up the memory of the tune; the hymn to impart a sentiment to the tune, and, in turn, to catch an impression

and feeling from it. Whereas, all the solemn and affecting associations connected with both, thus mutually reacting upon each other, have commonly been altogether disregarded.

That these and all his labours may tend to the glory of God and the advancement of His Church on earth, and more especially may promote the welfare of that branch of it, of which it is his great happiness and joy to be a member, and his high privilege to be a Minister, is the humble prayer of the unworthy compiler.

Hixon, Lent, 1850.

# CHURCH HYMNS.

¶ *Note, that the hymns for every Sunday, or for any Holy-day that hath a Vigil or Eve, will serve for the Evening Service next before, if no special hymns for the Vigil or Eve be already provided.*

## The First Sunday in Advent.

I.

Hosanna to the Living Lord!
Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing!
Hosanna, Lord! hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna, Lord! hosanna in the highest!

O Saviour! with protecting care,
Be with us in Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim;
Hosanna, Lord! hosanna in the highest!

But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee;
Hosanna, Lord! hosanna in the highest!

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again;
Hosanna, Lord! hosanna in the highest!

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven;
Hosanna, Lord! hosanna in the highest!

[1]

II.

CREATOR ALME SIDERUM.

CREATOR of the starry height,
Of hearts believing endless Light,
Jesu, Redeemer, bow Thine ear,
Thy suppliants' vows in pity hear;

Who, lest the earth through evil eye
Of treacherous fiend should waste and die,
With mighty love instinct, wert made
Th' expiring world's all-healing Aid:

Who to the cross, that world to win
From common stain of common sin,
From Virgin shrine, a Virgin Birth,
A Spotless Victim issuest forth;

At vision of Whose glory bright,
At mention of Whose Name of might,

Angels on high and fiends below
In reverence or in trembling bow:

Almighty Judge, to Thee we pray,
Great Umpire of the last dread day,
Protect us through th' unearthly fight
With armour of celestial light.

To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost all praise be done:
All honour, might, and glory be
Through all the long eternity. [2]

*Or,*

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA.

DAY of wrath! O DAY of mourning!
See once more the Cross returning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge DESCENDETH,
On Whose sentence all dependeth!

Wondrous sound the TRUMPET flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.

Death is struck and nature quaking,
All creation is AWAKING,
To its Judge an answer making.

Lo, the BOOK exactly worded!
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the JUDGE His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, FRAIL MAN, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost FREE SALVATION send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

Think, kind Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous INCARNATION;
Leave me not to reprobation!

Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me,
On the CROSS of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me!

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of ABSOLUTION
Ere that reckoning day's conclusion!

Guilty, now I pour my MOANING,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

Thou the SINFUL WOMAN savest,
Thou the DYING THIEF forgavest;
And to ME a hope vouchsafest!

Worthless are my PRAYERS and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

With Thy favoured sheep, O place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy RIGHT HAND upraise me.

While THE WICKED are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.

Low I KNEEL with heart submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,

Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!

Lord, Who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed REQUIEM! Amen. [3]

¶ *Either of the two hymns next preceding will serve for the second hymn until Christmas Eve.*

---

## The Second Sunday in Advent.

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake,
And, withering, from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

Can this be He Who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride?
O God! is this the Crucified?

Go, sinners! to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come!

Praise to the Son for us once slain,
Who as our Judge shall come again,
The Father, and the Holy Ghost,
From men and from the heavenly Host. [4]

---

## The Third Sunday in Advent.

When Christ the Lord would come on earth,
His messenger before Him went;
The greatest born of mortal birth,
And charged with words of deep intent.

The least of all that here attend
Hath honour greater far than he;
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
His Body and His Spouse are we.

A higher race, the sons of light,
Of water and the Spirit born;
He, the last star of parting night,
And we, the children of the morn.

Oh! as he boldly spake Thy word,
And joy'd to hear the Bridegroom's voice,
Thus may Thy pastors teach, O Lord,
And thus Thy list'ning Church rejoice!

To Jesus Christ, th' Incarnate Word,
The Father and the Spirit Blest,
Eternal and thrice Holy Lord,
Be everlasting praise address'd. [5]

## The Fourth Sunday in Advent.

ANTRA DESERTI TENERIS AB ANNIS.

In tender years the desert caves,
Flying the haunts of men, John sought,
That e'en by lightest crime of tongue,
His life might ne'er contract a spot.

Hard raiment for his holy limbs
From camels stripp'd, was round him fix'd,
Water his draught, and for his food
Were locusts with wild honey mix'd.

Others with mind prophetic sang
The brightness of some future day;
But he, e'en present, pointed out
The Lamb Who takes all sin away.

None holier was, of woman born,
Than he who chosen was to lave,
In Jordan's pure baptismal stream,
Jesus Who came mankind to save.

All glory in an endless reign,
To God the Saviour of the lost,
To Christ the Lamb for sinners slain,
The Father, and the Holy Ghost. [6]

---

## Christmas Eve.

I.

Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' Incarnate Deity;
Pleased as Man with man t' appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Glory to the Heavenly King!
Glory, all ye nations, sing
Glory to the Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One. [7]

## II.

### A SOLIS ORTUS CARDINE.

From the faint dayspring's eastern goal
Far as the utmost west,
Come, sing we Christ, the Saviour born
Of Virgin Mother blest:

The Father of the age to come,
In servant's form arrayed,
That Man He might for man atone,
And ransom whom He made.

Within that Mother's spotless frame
Celestial favour reigns,
A secret load she ween'd not of,
The maiden pure sustains;
Her bosom chaste at once becomes
The temple for her God,
And she, who knew not man, is made
A heavenly Babe's abode.

He comes, He comes, the Virgin-born,
To Gabriel's promise true;
He, Whom, as yet unborn, o'erjoyed
The unborn Baptist knew:
Nor recks He of His bed of hay,
Nor He the manger heeds;
Enough the milky breast for Him,
Who the young ravens feeds.

A Shepherd to the shepherd's fold,
From heaven is come the Lord,
Celestial choristers rejoice,
And angels sing to God.
Now glory, Jesus, be to Thee,
Whom a pure Virgin bore,
With Father, and with Holy Ghost,
Henceforth for evermore. [8]

## THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD, OR THE BIRTHDAY OF CHRIST;

*Commonly called*

## Christmas Day.

III.

### MATTINS.

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
With hosts of angels chanting from above;
By whom the joyful tidings first were sung
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And Heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

To Bethl'em straight th' enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man;
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return;
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn;
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of the Saviour's fame.

Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind,
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, th' angelic choir among,
To sing redeem'd a glad triumphant song,

He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around His Saints His glory shall display;
Saved by His grace, unceasing we shall sing
Eternal praise to God our Heavenly King. [9]

¶ *For the second hymn at Mattins,* Hark, the herald angels sing, *will serve, as on Christmas Eve.*

EVENSONG.

¶ *For the first hymn at Evensong,* From the faint day-spring, *will serve, as on Christmas Eve.*

IV.

O BLESSED LORD, for Thy dear sake,
Our souls to glad thanksgiving wake;
In all Thy faithful hearts below
Bid joys of spring eternal glow,
And every primal curse grow light,
By thinking on Thy blest birthnight.

In sorrow shalt thou toil for bread;
So upon man the doom was said;
To labouring men amid the field,
First was the Holy Babe reveal'd;
And labour now shall lighter be,
So soothed and hallow'd, Lord, by Thee.

In sorrow shalt thou children bear;
Of such a doom is woman heir;
But God, by that one glorious birth,
Our nature took, and dwelt on earth;
Mothers no more their pangs shall blame,
By which the world's Redeemer came.

Ye, for your sins, shall surely die;
All now beneath this sentence lie,

But He Who came this day to save,
He fought with death, He burst the grave;
And when He vanquish'd in the strife,
Then death became the gate of life.

O Offering for the guilty soul,
O strong to make the sinner whole,
O born sin's curses to remove,
All praise, Blest Saviour, for Thy love!
All praise to Thee, Eternal Son,
Father and Spirit, Three in One! [10]

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## Saint Stephen's Day.

MIRIS PROBAT SESE MODIS.

Holy Love towards her foes
In mysterious channels flows;
Bowed to soothe, or steeled to blame,
Holy love is still the same.

Pleader for himself he stood:
Now he falls, his eloquent blood
From the ground for mercy cries,
Pleading for his enemies.

God from Heaven His martyr heard,
Heard and bless'd his dying word:
Saul, fierce slayer standing by,
Saul was granted to that cry.

Thus he bowed his drooping head,
Thus his joyous spirit fled:
"Jesu, Lord," his offering free,
"Take the life I owe to Thee."

Some kind angel, watching nigh,
Sweetly closed his tranquil eye,
Whilst the freed spirit winged her flight,
From beam to beam to endless light.

Thou that dealtst thy plenteous store
Daily to the sick and poor,
Now art come, a welcome guest,
To thy Father's table blest.

In thy bridal crown displayed,
In the wedding-robe arrayed
Of Christ's purple life-blood wove,
Meet for His blest feast of love.

Praise to Thee, in winter born,
Virgin-child in world forlorn,
Be all praise to Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One. [11]

¶ *The hymn,* From the faint dayspring, *will serve for the second hymn at this festival, and at the two festivals next succeeding.*

¶ *The hymns of the Nativity will serve continually until the Eve of the Circumcision.*

## Saint John the Evangelist's Day.

JUSSU TYRANNI PRO FIDE.

John, by a tyrant's stern command,
Is exiled on a sea-girt strand;
But his free spirit takes her flight
Into the regions of the light.

And there, his awe-struck soul before,
HE stands Who lives for evermore,
Who, as a Lamb, gave up His breath,
And, as a Lion, vanquish'd death.

And now, before his ravish'd eyes,
He brings His kingdom's mysteries,
The faith sown by His martyrs' blood,
Covering the nations like a flood.

Our power baptismal, Lord, revive,
With Thee to die, with Thee to live;
To tread on earthly things, and love
The better things that are above.

All glory and dominion
To God the Father, Spirit, Son,
Who through our prison leads the way
To realms of everlasting day. [12]

---

## The Innocents' Day.

Bethl'em, above all cities blest,
Th' Incarnate Saviour's earthly rest,
Where in His manger safe He lay,
By angels guarded night and day.

Bethlehem, of cities most forlorn,
Where in the dust sad mothers mourn,
Nor see the heavenly glory shed
On each pale infant's martyr'd head.

O Lord teach us, who Thee would win,
Must in the school of woe begin;
And still the nearest to Thy grace,
Know least of their own glorious place.

To God, the Father in the height,
And to the Son, True Light of Light,
And Holy Ghost, all glory be,
Now and through all eternity. [13]

## The Circumcision of Christ.

I.

EIGHT days amid this world of woe
The Holy Babe has been;
Long named in heaven, He now must go
To take that Name on Him below,
Jesus, Who saves from sin.

His Mother kept the angel's word
Deep in her bosom's store,
But most, by fear and love unstirr'd,
Unconscious of its meaning, heard
The Name the Infant bore.

The traitor sought Him by that Name,
When all the murderous crew,
With sword and staves against Him came;
And on the Cross, the place of shame,
That Name was fix'd in view.

Yet, in His hour of glory now,
That precious Name is given,
Above all names to deck His brow,
And at the Name of Jesus bow
The powers and thrones of heaven.

Worthy art Thou o'er us to reign,
O Christ, for evermore;
Thou, Who for us didst not disdain
That sinners should that Name profane
Which seraphim adore.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Spirit ever Blest,
The dread Eternal Three in One,
As in the Church is ever done,
All glory be address'd. [14]

II.

FELIX DIES.

BLEST day! when o'er a world of woe
The stream of grace began to flow;
That presage of th' atoning flood,
Those first few drops of Jesus' blood.

How soon the Blessed Son of Man
His course of pain and grief began!
How early did those sorrows prove
His will to die, His power to love!

From heaven descending to fulfil
The mandates of His Father's will,
E'en now behold the Victim lie,
The Son of God, prepared to die.

Beneath the knife behold the Child,
The Innocent, the Undefiled;
For captives He the ransom pays,
For lawless man the law obeys.

Lord, circumcise our hearts, we pray,
Our fleshy natures purge away:
Thy Name, Thy likeness may they bear;
Yea, stamp Thy holy image there.

The Father's Name we loudly raise,
The Son, the Virgin-born, we praise;
The Holy Ghost we all adore,
One God, both now and evermore. [15]

¶ *The same hymns will serve for every day after until the Epiphany.*

# The Epiphany;

OR, THE

## MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST TO THE GENTILES.

### I.

CRUDELIS HERODES.

WHY, Herod, why the Godhead fear,
When told Judæa's King was near?
Not earthly crowns away to bear
He came, but heavenly to confer.

Led by the star, which ruled their sight,
To seek and find the Lord of Light,
The Magi spread their gifts abroad,
And prostrate own the present God.

The present God the heavens proclaim
When to the laver pure He came,
The Spotless Lamb; and on Him bore
Our sins, Who knew not sin before.

The God the blushing waters own
By mighty sign, unheard, unknown,
When the pure spring, poured forth in wine,
Confess'd the present power Divine.

Now unto Him, th' Incarnate Son,
Whose glory to the world was shown,
With God the Father, glory be,
And Holy Comforter, with Thee. [16]

### II.

O SOLA MAGNARUM URBIUM.

O BETHLEHEM, of cities blest,
Within whose walls salvation's Crown
First drew His breath in lowly rest,
Th' Incarnate God from Heaven come down!

That star whose beams in grace and light
Obscure the sun's bright rays, declares
That God in flesh, to mortal sight,
On earth's dim orb a Child appears.
The sages, when they see the Child,
Prostrate, in solemn prayer, prefer
Their Eastern offerings, gladly piled,
Their gold, and frankincense and myrrh.
Their gold bespeaks His kingly state,
And frankincense declares Him God,
While myrrh tells of the grave's dark gate,
That pathway He for us once trod.
Praise to the Triune God and Lord,
The Father and the Spirit Blest,
And Jesus, the Incarnate Word,
Made to the Gentiles manifest. [17]

---

## First Sunday after Epiphany.

The cares, the loves of parents fond,
Go deep, all loves, all cares beyond.
Fain would they read the good and ill
That nestles in our silent will;
And night and day
They wish and pray
That only good may there find way.

But deeper lurk all breasts within
The secrets both of grace and sin.
Each has his world of thought alone,
To one dread Watcher only known.
And far and wide
On every side
Our dreams dart on—no earthly guide.

Glad may they be and calm of heart,
Who, when their child so walks apart,
Seek him and find where Angels come
On Jesus' work, in Jesus' home:
Who out of sight,
Know all is right,
One law for darkness and for light.

If in pure aims and deeds and prayers
His path mount high, and far from theirs,
If seeking him 'mid friends below
They find him not, what joy to know
He hath but turned
Where Jesus yearned
To be; where heavenly Love is learned!

Thou Who didst teach Thy Mother dear,
In three dim days of doubt and fear,
By timely training to foreknow
Thy passion and its three days' woe,
Prepare Thou still
Our heart and will,
Our friends' and ours, for good and ill.

To Jesus, Who the temple sought
To learn the lore Himself had taught,
The Father and the Spirit Blest,
Who by the Church is aye confess'd,
The Trinity
In Unity,
All glory be eternally. [18]

¶ *The hymn,* Why, Herod, why the Godhead fear, *will serve for the second hymn.*

## Second Sunday after Epiphany.

I.

¶ *The hymn,* Why, Herod, why the Godhead fear, *will serve for the first hymn.*

II.

QUICUMQUE CHRISTUM QUÆRITIS.

Ye, whoe'er for Christ are seeking,
Lift your longing eyes on high,
There behold the glory breaking
Of celestial Majesty.

Bright the Vision there unveiling,
With unbounded lustre bright,
High, sublime, and never failing,
Elder than primæval light.

He is King, all realms to gather,
King, Whom Israel's tribes obey,
Promised to His people's father,
Abraham and his seed for aye.

Seers to Him high witness breathing,
Seal their words with love and fear;
Him, th' Eternal Sire bequeathing,
Bids His own believe and hear.

Jesu, hail, Thyself revealing,
Whom Thy little ones adore,
With Thy Sire and Spirit healing,
One True God for evermore.

## Third Sunday after Epiphany.

LORD, Whose love in power excelling
Washed the leper's stain away,
Jesus, from Thy heavenly dwelling,
Hear us, help us when we pray.

From the filth of vice and folly,
From infuriate passion's rage,
Evil thoughts, and hopes unholy,
Heedless youth, and selfish age;

From the lusts whose deep pollutions
Adam's ancient taint disclose;
From the Tempter's dark intrusions,
Restless doubt, and blind repose;

From the miser's cursed treasure,
From the drunkard's jest obscene,
From the world, its pomp and pleasure,
Jesus! Master! make us clean.

Unto Jesus, Master lowly,
Him Who made the leper whole,
Son and Sire and Spirit Holy,
Praise resound from pole to pole. [20]

¶ *The hymn,* Ye, whoe'er for Christ, *will serve for the second hymn.*

---

## Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

¶ *The hymns,* Why, Herod, why the Godhead fear, *and* Ye, whoe'er for Christ, *will serve for this day.*

## Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.

The angel comes, he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord;
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
Wide waves his flaming sword.

And who are they in sheaves to bide
The fire of vengeance bound?
The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride
Choked the fair crop around.

And who are they reserved in store
God's treasure-house to fill?
The wheat, a hundredfold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.

O King of mercy! grant us power
Thy fiery wrath to flee;
In Thy destroying angel's hour
O gather us to Thee!

To Jesus, Judge of Heaven's host,
All glory be address'd;
The Son and Sire and Holy Ghost,
One God by all confess'd. [21]

¶ *The hymn,* Ye, whoe'er for Christ, *will serve for the second hymn.*

---

## Sixth Sunday after Epiphany.

¶ *The Advent hymns,* Day of wrath! *and* The Lord shall come, *will serve for this day.*

# Septuagesima Sunday;

## OR, THE THIRD SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.

I.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

The Moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
And all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill;
The Saints, like stars, around His seat,
Perform their courses still.

The Saints above are stars in Heaven;
What are the Saints on earth?
Like trees they stand whom God has given
Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fixed unswerving root,
Hope their unfading flower,
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
The glory of their bower.

The dew of Heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favour'd place
By richest fruits is known.

One Name above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee every where.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All honour by the Church be done,
And by the heavenly host. [22]

II.

RERUM CREATOR OMNIUM.

MAKER of all things, aid our hands,
In all our works be near,
That our chaste lives may worthier prove
The Name of Christ to bear.

Thou only mighty, only good,
Art to Thyself the way;
Thou only, Who hast given the law,
Canst teach us to obey.

Perils environ all the road;
Our slippery feet control,
That so our steps more steadfastly
May press on to the goal.

O happy goal! where true repose
And peace awaits for ever;
And Thou to Thine dost give to drink
Of joy, as from a river.

For Thee, Good Lord, the heart doth pant,
For Thee the spirit sighs;
Grant unto those, Thy grace hath saved,
To win th' eternal prize.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All honour by the Church be done,
And by the heavenly host. [23]

---

## Sexagesima Sunday;

OR, THE SECOND SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.

Lo, round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the Cross, despised the shame:
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more,
Nor sin, nor death, nor pain deplore;
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him their loud hosannas raise.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Unceasing praise and glory be,
Now and through all eternity. [24]

¶ *The hymn,* Maker of all things, *will serve for the second hymn for Sexagesima Sunday.*

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## Quinquagesima Sunday;

### OR, THE SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE LENT.

I.

Whom should I praise, O Christ, but Thee,
Whose praises Angels sing,
Who the Eternal Envoy art
Of the Eternal King?

From Heaven's high Court Thou didst descend,
Love led Thee on Thy way;
Thou saw'st man's fatal wreck, and, lo!
Thy pity could not stay.

A servant's despicable form
This made Thee gladly wear,
Sleep, hunger, thirst and cold endure,
And mock of sinners hear.

This led Thee through consuming fire,
And through deep water-flood,
With dismal clouds involved Thy soul,
And dyed Thy robes in blood.

The wine-press of Almighty wrath
This made Thee freely tread,
With basest outcasts choose Thy lot,
And with the silent dead.

O strange effect of saving love!
What love does this require!
How should it melt away our souls
In flames of sacred fire!

How should our mouths be filled with praise!
What homage should we pay
To Him Who plunged in night for us,
And turned our night to day!

O God of Love! O God of Might!
The Prince of hearts set free,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Eternal praise to Thee. [25]

II.

FATHER of all, from Whom we trace
Our universal kind,
Teach us to all of human race
To show a brother's mind.

Saviour of men, 'twas Thine the pain
Of death for all to bear;
In concord all Thy followers train,
Meet for the Name they share.

Spirit of grace, God's chosen fold
Who lav'st with heavenly dew,
O grant that all the truth that hold
May peace with all ensue.

O might mankind in love agree,
Sons of one parent stock!
But chief may Christian verity
Connect the Christian flock!

May truth to all that hear its sound
A bond of union prove;
And fellowship of faith be crowned
With fellowship of love!

O God the Father, praise to Thee,
Thy Spirit and Thy Son!
O keep Thy Church in unity,
As Thou Trine Lord art One. [26]

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## THE FIRST DAY OF LENT;

*Commonly called*

## Ash-Wednesday.

### I.

### AUDI BENIGNE CONDITOR.

O Merciful Creator! hear
Our prayer, to Thee devoutly bent,
Which we pour forth with many a tear,
In this Thy holy fast of Lent.

Thou mildest Searcher of the heart,
Who know'st the weakness of our strength,
To us forgiving grace impart,
That we may seek Thy face at length.

We all have sinn'd, we own our shame,
But spare us who our sins confess,
And for the glory of Thy Name
To our sick souls afford redress.

Grant that the flesh may so be pined,
By means of outward abstinence,
As that the sober watchful mind
May fast from spots of foul offence.

Grant this, O Blessed Trinity!
Pure Son of God! to this incline,
That of our fast the fruit may be
A grateful recompense for Thine. [27]

¶ *This hymn will serve for the second hymn throughout Lent.*

II.

O LORD, turn not Thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before Thy mercy gate;

A gate which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

And call me not to strict account
How I have sojourn'd here,
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.

I need not to confess my life
To Thee Who best can tell
What I have been and what I am,
I know Thou know'st it well.

The circumstances of my crimes,
Their number, and their kind,
Thou know'st them all, and more, much more
Than I can call to mind.

Therefore with tears I come to beg
Of my offended God
For pardon, like a child that dreads
His angry parent's rod.

So come I to Thy mercy gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.

O Lord, I need not to repeat
The comfort I would have;
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask,
The blessing that I crave.

Mercy, Good Lord! Mercy we ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our suit,
O let Thy mercy come!

Blest Trinity, with grief sincere,
To Thee we humbly pray
That fruits of mercy may appear,
To bless this fasting day. [28]

## The First Sunday in Lent.

Lord, in the desert bleak and bare,
Still worked Thy righteous plan;
Still worked amid wild beasts Thy care
To save unconscious man.

We thank Thee, Saviour, that when all
The tempter's power was tried,
Thou didst not Angel legions call,
To chase him from Thy side.

For us Thou didst endure awhile,
To teach us arms to wield
Stronger than hellish force or wile,
Thy word to man revealed.

The Scriptures in that hour prevail'd
The tempter's might to quell;
The flesh, the world, the devil fail'd,
The threefold force of hell.

Deeply in every heart engraved
Be this Thy conflict, Lord!
That body, soul and spirit saved
May thank Thee for Thy word.

To Him Who baffled hell's proud lord,
The Everlasting Son,
The Father and the Spirit, God,
All praise on earth be done. [29]

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## The Second Sunday in Lent.

Oh, help us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed
Each hour on earth we live.

Oh, help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh, help us, Lord, the more.

Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.

If strayëd from Thy fold we call
Imploring at Thy feet
The crumbs that from Thy table fall;
'Tis all we dare entreat.

But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this;
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.

Oh, help us, Jesus! from on high,
We know no help but Thee;
Oh, help us so to live and die
As Thine in Heaven to be.

To the One God Who heareth prayer,
Son, Sire and Spirit Blest,
Let all the Church for aid repair,
To Him be praise address'd. [30]

---

## The Third Sunday in Lent.

Be Thou our Guardian and our Guide,
And hear us when we call;
Let not our slippery footsteps slide,
And hold us lest we fall.

The world, the flesh and Satan dwell
  Around the path we tread;
O save us from the snares of hell,
  Thou Quick'ner of the dead!

And if we tempted are to sin,
  And outward things are strong,
Do Thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
  And save our souls from wrong.

Still let us ever watch and pray,
  And feel that we are frail;
That if the tempter cross our way,
  Yet he may not prevail.

To Him Who baffled hell's proud lord,
  The Everlasting Son,
The Father and the Spirit, God,
  All praise on earth be done. [31]

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## The Fourth Sunday in Lent.

When Israel left the Egyptian's land,
  Through the Red Sea they trod;
The Cloud above was brooding o'er,
  The token of their God.

Then man was fed on angel's food,
  For meat enough He sent;
Their drink was of the living stream,
  The Rock that Moses rent.

To them were Ten Commandments given
  Their line and course to mark;
Priests waiting on their guarded way,
  Their guide the holy Ark.

They journeyed to a promised land
Along a toilsome way;
They passed through Jordan's parted stream,
The Ark of God their stay.

A house of bondage we have left,
Redeemed from sin and shame;
By water and the Holy Ghost
Baptized into Christ's Name.

Our Manna is the living Bread
Which hath come down from Heaven,
The Rock that follows, Christ the Lord,
From Whom our drink is given.

The Ten Commandments mark our way,
And teach us what to shun;
And Pastors teach the road to Heaven,
As on our course we run.

Our promised land shall ever last:
O may our faith be strong!
That we may never murmur, sure
He cannot lead us wrong.

That so when we have passed the flood
This earth and Heaven between,
We find the eternal joy, the bliss
That eye hath never seen.

To Christ our Manna, Rock and Ark,
God's own Eternal Son,
With Father and the Spirit Blest,
Eternal praise be done. [32]

## The Fifth Sunday in Lent.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands;
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

He, Who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in Heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our Fellow-Sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows has a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness therefore at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

To our High Priest and Blessed King,
To Whom His suffering brethren cling,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise from earth and Heavën's host. [33]

# The Sunday next before Easter.

## MATTINS AND EVENSONG.

I.

¶ *The hymn,* Whom should I praise, *used for Quinquagesima Sunday, will serve for the first hymn.*

## MATTINS.

II.

### INTRANTE CHRISTO.

Lo! Christ hath gone to Bethany,
And Simon hath prepared the board;
Amid that blessed Company,
There let us stand and see the Lord.

The odorous nard, in holy fear,
Meek Mary, with sobriety,
Pours o'er His head, and far and near,
'Tis fragrant with her piety.

Oh, let not whispering envy blame,
Nor avarice in wisdom's guise,
The anointing of the dying Lamb
For His approaching obsequies.

Where o'er the earth from clime to clime
The messenger of peace shall call,
So far shall bear recording time
Meek Mary's blest memorial.

O God, the Sire and Spirit Blest
And Son Who Mary's cause didst try;
Who giv'st Thy Saints eternal rest
O God, be praised eternally.

## EVENSONG.

II.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry.
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

Ride on! ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingëd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see th' approaching sacrifice!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on His sapphire throne,
Expects his own Anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign!

Reign on! reign on in majesty!
Reign on in triumph, Lord Most High!
We hymn Thee on Thy throne of love,
Dread Triune King in realms above. [35]

## Monday before Easter.

¶ *The hymn,* Whom should I praise, *will serve for the first hymn; and* Lo! Christ hath gone to Bethany, *for the second hymn for this day.*

---

## Tuesday before Easter.

I.

¶ *The hymn,* Whom should I praise, *will serve for the first hymn for this day.*

II.

VEXILLA REGIS.

FORTH goes the standard of the King,
The sign of signs, the radiant Cross
Whereon He died, our souls to bring
From hell and from eternal loss.

Pierced by the spear, He yielded forth
Water and blood, a mingled tide,
That so a fount of priceless worth
Might spring for sinners from His side.

Then were the wonders plainly shown
Which Saints of old rejoiced to sing,
How of the Tree Christ made a throne
Whereon He reigned a Gracious King.

O bright and ever beaming Tree!
O branch in regal robes arrayed!
What glory was conferred on thee
When thou to bear the King wast made.

O Cross! sole hope, sole refuge, hail!
Thy grace so fill this Passion time,
That Saints be strengthened not to fail,
And sinners be absolved from crime.

To God, the Blessed Three in One!
From every soul all glory be;
Do Thou reward those who have won,
Through Thee, the Cross's victory. [36]

---

## Wednesday and Thursday before Easter.

I.

¶ *The hymn,* Whom should I praise, *will serve for the first hymn.*

II.

### PANGE LINGUA.

Speak, O tongue! the Body broken,
Giv'n to be the spirit's food;
And the word almighty spoken,
Which hath turned the wine to Blood,
Of the King, the awful token,
And celestial brotherhood.

Born for us, and for us given,
Of a Virgin undefil'd;
Scattering wide the seeds of Heaven,
Sojourn'd He in this world's wild;
And on that remembered even,
His appointed course fulfill'd.

Meekly with the law complying,
He had finish'd its commands;
And to them, at supper lying,
Gave Himself, with His own hands,
A Memorial of His dying,
Hence to be unto all lands.

God the Word by one word maketh
Very bread His Flesh to be;
And whoso that Cup partaketh
Tastes the Fruit of Calvary:
While the carnal mind forsaketh,
Faith receives, the Mystery.

Unto that His Presence veiled
Draw we nigh, with heads bowed low;
All that Paschal rites entailed
Yield to higher blessings now:
Earthly touch and sight have failed,
Faith adores, nor questions how.

Sire and Son, all power possessing,
Unto Thee all glory be,
Might, salvation, honour, blessing,
Unto all eternity;
Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
Equal glory be to Thee. [37]

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## Good Friday.

### MATTINS.

I.

Cleft are the rocks, the earth doth quake,
The slumberers of the grave awake,

The temple's veil is rent in twain;
For Christ our Sacrifice is slain,
And bears of sin and death the pain.

Lo, Nature's face of beaming light
She veils in darkness at the sight
Of Him, her God, the Crucified!
'Tis man alone that dares deride
The Saviour Who for him hath died.

Despisèd is the Man of grief,
Rejected, and denied belief
By them whose sorrows He hath borne,
For whose transgression He is torn,
Whose mortal weakness He hath worn.

The Mighty One, the Son of God,
Hath humbly kiss'd affliction's rod,
That by His stripes we might be healed,
Our pardon by His blood be sealed,
And boundless mercy stand revealed.

We all, like sheep, have gone astray,
And turned aside from wisdom's way;
But He hath saved us from our sin;
Our God the Ransom-Lamb hath been,
Our God hath saved us from our sin!

Oh, let us cast each vice away,
Which thus the Son of God could slay!
With contrite heart and weeping eye
Behold the Saviour's cross on high,
And every sin and folly fly!

So may we join the song of love
Which saints and angels sing above;
All honour, glory, praise to Thee,
The Trinity in Unity,
Now and through all eternity! [38]

II.

See the destined day arise,
See, a willing Sacrifice,
To redeem our fatal loss
Jesus hangs upon the cross.

From a tree our loss began,
Fatal to primæval man;
Health attends us from the Tree,
God and Man, vouchsafed by Thee.

Jesus, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that Tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;
And with tender body bear
Thorns and nails and piercing spear?

Thence poured forth the water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with blood,
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

Holy Jesus! grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin and promised good.

Grant us grace to sing to Thee
In the Trinal Unity,
Ever with the sons of light,
Blessing, honour, glory, might. [39]

## EVENSONG.

¶ *The hymn,* Cleft are the rocks, *will serve for the first hymn, and* Forth goes the standard, *will serve for the second hymn for Evensong.*

---

## Easter Even.

I.

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope
Or spark of glimmering day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and O amazing love!
He came to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He sped,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold:
But when we raise our highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

To Him, Who left His Throne on high
Mankind from death to raise,
The Father and the Holy Ghost,
Be everlasting praise. [40]

II.

WHERE is thy victory, O Grave?
Vanquished and spent art thou;
Since thou hast held the Lord of Life,
No Christian fears thee now.

Where is thy victory, O Grave?
With Him we enter thee;
But not the dark and yawning cave
By mournful Calvary.

The pure and bright baptismal flood
Entombs our nature's stain;
And, from the healing waters born,
With Him we rise again.

Happy, if through the world of sin
And lust and selfish care,
Our resurrection-mantle, white
And undefiled, we wear.

Thus through the grave and gate of death,
Glorious at last and free,
With all Thy holy Church, O Lord,
May we accepted be.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
In Whose dread Name we are baptized,
Be glory evermore! [41]

# Easter Day.

## MATTINS.

### I.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holyday;
Who did once upon the Cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ our Heavenly King;
Who endured the Cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah!

But the pain which He endured
Our salvation hath procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the Angels ever sing.
Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! praise the Lord!
Victor over hell, our God,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Sing the Church and heavenly host.
Hallelujah! [42]

### II.

AURORA CŒLUM PURPURAT.

MORNING spreads her crimson rays,
Heaven resounds with hymns of praise,
Through the earth loud anthems swell,
Heard with rage in vanquished hell.

From the dark sepulchral gloom
See the King of Glory come;
See Him now to daylight lead,
All His Saints from bondage freed.

Vain the tomb securely barred,
Sealëd stone and armëd guard;
Death is crushed, and finds his bier
In the conqueror's sepulchre.

Hence with mourning, hence with tears,
Hence with anxious griefs and fears;
Death's subduer is not here,
Cries His Angel minister.

That these thoughts of paschal joy
Ever may our minds employ,
Dead to sin, Thy servants give,
Lord, in holiness to live.

Now be God the Father praised,
With the Son in triumph raised
From the grave, His glory's Heir,
And the Blessed Comforter. [43]

## EVENSONG.

### III.

### AD REGIAS AGNI DAPES.

Now at the Lamb's imperial feast,
In robes of snowy whiteness drest,
The Red Sea pass'd, high songs we sing
Of triumph to the Anointed King.

For us His charity Divine
The blood-cup drank of bitter wine;
For us His limbs extended lay,
A sacrifice for love to slay.

With blood the sprinkled door-posts red,
Th' avenging Angel sees with dread;
Apart the startled waves divide,
Pours o'er the foe the refluent tide.

Now Christ our Passover we claim,
The Same the Sacrifice; the Same
Pure to the pure of heart, and dear
The unleaven'd Bread of truth sincere.

O Thou, true Sacrifice from Heaven!
To Whom the key of hell is given,
By Whom the thralls of death unchain'd,
By Whom the prize of life regain'd.

Victor of hell's infernal holds!
His trophies Christ revived unfolds;
And to the Heaven's admiring gaze
The captive king of night displays.

That with delight our hearts may burn,
Lord, at Thy paschal feast's return,
O dead to sin, Thy servants give,
New born in righteousness to live.

Be the Almighty Father praised,
The Son, Who from the dead was raised,
And, whom to praise is no less meet,
The Holy Ghost, the Paraclete. [44]

## IV.

### FORTI TEGENTE BRACHIO.

Bound by a holy charm
We passed through raging sea,
And 'neath a mighty arm
Burst chains of slavery.

Let us His praise unfold
  Who our Avenger came;
And, robed in pureness, hold
  The festal of the Lamb.

He for our souls did bleed;
  Oh then, in holy love,
Upon Him let us feed,
  And live to God above!

Christ is our Sacrifice,
  The Lamb come down from high;
Death's angel dread descries
  His blood, and passes by.

O Victim, worthy Heaven,
  O'er death the victory;
Who chains of hell hath riven,
  And borne her gates away.

From jaws of the dark tomb
  He bursts into the light;
And opes beyond the gloom
  The heavenly infinite.

Grant us with Thee to die,
  That we with Thee may rise,
And build our house on high
  With Thee beyond the skies.

Praise the Sire, praise the Son,
  Who leads to starry homes;
Praise the Spirit, Three in One,
  Who as our Guardian comes. [45]

# Monday and Tuesday in Easter Week.

I.

¶ *Either of the hymns for Mattins on Easter Day will serve for the first hymn at the Morning Services, and either of the hymns for Evensong for the first hymn at the Evening Services.*

II.

TRISTES ERANT APOSTOLI.

Th' Apostles wept with hearts forlorn
The Bridegroom to the burial borne,
Whom, with that death of blood and pain,
His servant's wicked hands had slain.

Yet had the weeping Maries heard
The Angel's sure and welcome word,
The Lord His own full speedily
Will visit with heart-gladdening eye.

E'en now as fast they bear along
The tidings to the downcast throng;
Lo! Jesus' glistening form they meet,
And run to clasp their Saviour's feet.

Swift to the Galilean height
The Apostles speed their eager flight,
Then of their hearts' desire possess'd,
With Jesus' kindly light are blest.

O Jesu Blest, to every breast
Unceasing paschal gladness be;
From blasting breath of sin and death
The new-born sons of life set free.

Father, to Thee all glory be,
And Son, Who from the dead art rais'd.
And Spirit Blest, with Both confess'd
One God through endless ages prais'd. [46]

## The First Sunday after Easter.

### MATTINS.

1.

Who gives the needful power to man,
Abroad the means of grace to deal,
To free the sinner from his ban,
His guilt remit, his pardon seal?

He Who with consecrated pall
His chosen Aaron's limbs arrayed,
And on His Christ with outward call
The honour of the Priesthood laid.

O dare not then, with touch profane,
That honour on thyself to take;
Pretend not thou, with strivings vain,
A priest unduly called to make!

For self-empowered who may dare
To seize on God's prerogative,
His keys without His warrant bear?
Or what he has received not, give?

Lord, by Whose care Thy Church arose
A goodly frame, Thy Church defend;
And bless her pastors, sent by those
Whom Thou did'st give the power to send.

To Thee Whom all Thy Saints adore,
Thy Church on earth, Thy heavenly host,
Be blessing, honour, glory, power,
Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. [47]

¶ *The hymn,* Now at the Lamb's imperial feast, *will serve for the second hymn for Mattins and Evensong.*

## EVENSONG.

I.

Our God in glory sits on high:
Man may not see and live;
Yet witness of Himself on earth
For ever doth He give.

His Spirit dwells in all good hearts;
All precious fruits of love,
Thoughts, words and works made holy, bear
His witness from above.

Nor hath the tide baptismal ceased
To spread His Name, since first,
From the Redeemer's wounded side,
The holy fountain burst.

That other stream of endless life,
His all-atoning blood,
Is it not still our Cup of grace,
His flesh our spirit's food?

O never may our sinful hearts,
What Thou hast joined, divide!
Thy Spirit in Thy mysteries still
For life, not death, abide.

To Father, Word and Holy Ghost,
Who record bear in Heaven,
And witness threefold give to earth,
All praise by man be given. [48]

## The Second Sunday after Easter.

I.

O SACERDOTUM VENERANDA JURA.

Awful is the priestly state
  Which, by faith beheld aright,
Closes and unbars the gate,
  Though unseen by mortal sight.
Christ, in this His earthly seat,
Holds in them the balance meet,
Binds and lets the sinners feet
  In His own appointed rite.

When they ply their healing art,
  'Tis His hand in them is found;
When they soothe the wounded heart,
  His anointing heals the wound.
When they speak, the faithful sheep
Drink their words and hide them deep,
For the law of God they steep
  First in their own hearts profound.

When the wrath is going forth,
  And the vial in mid air,
They stand forth to stop the wrath
  With deep importuning prayer.
May they, Lord, themselves be wise,
Who touch Thy dread mysteries,
Mirrors, in their people's eyes,
  Worthy of the things they bear.

Father, Spirit, Son Divine,
Who dost rescue from the grave,
From Heaven's central echoing shrine
Let Thy glory, wave on wave,
Fill the all-surrounding sea
Of shoreless eternity,
Singing, Priest of priests, of Thee,
And Thy mighty power to save. [49]

¶ *The hymn,* Now at the Lamb's imperial feast, *will serve for the second hymn.*

---

## The Third Sunday after Easter.

¶ *The hymn,* Now at the Lamb's imperial feast, *will serve for the second hymn for Mattins and Evensong, and the hymn,* Th' Apostles wept, *for the first hymn at Mattins.*

### EVENSONG.

I.

PASCHALE MUNDO GAUDIUM.

A FAIRER sun is risen on earth,
To kindle high her Paschal mirth,
Where now His more than earthly beam
Th' Apostles see from Jesus stream:

Yea on His flesh the wounds Divine
Like purest stars see softly shine,
And what their eyes have witness'd there,
To all the wondering world declare.

O Christ, our King, our hearts possess,
And with Thy fostering Presence bless;
So may our tongue in ceaseless praise
To Thy great Name meet anthems raise.

O Jesu Blest, to every breast
Unceasing Paschal gladness be;
From blasting breath of sin and death
The new-born sons of life set free.

Father, to Thee all glory be,
And Son, Who from the dead art raised,
And Spirit Blest, with Both confess'd,
One God, through endless ages praised.
[50]

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## The Fourth Sunday after Easter.

### I.

#### SUPREME MOTOR CORDIUM.

Great Mover of all hearts, Whose hand
Doth all the secret springs command
Of human thought and will,
Thou, since the world wast made, dost bless
Thy saints with fruits of holiness,
Their order to fulfil.

Faith, hope and love here weave one chain,
But love alone shall then remain
When this short day is gone:
O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,
When shall we see Thy Sabbath bright,
And all our labours done?

We sow 'mid perils here and tears;
There the glad hand the harvest bears,
Which here in grief hath sown.
Great God Triune! the increase give,
And these Thy gifts, by which we live,
With heavenly glory crown.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom Heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more. [51]

¶ *The hymn,* Now at the Lamb's imperial feast, *will serve for the second hymn for Mattins and Evensong.*

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## The Fifth Sunday after Easter.

I.

¶ *The hymn,* Now at the Lamb's imperial feast, *will serve for the first hymn at Mattins and Evensong.*

II.

Holy Jesu, in Whose Name
Thou hast bid Thy servants claim
Of the Father's love, to grant
All the good they wish or want;
Trusting in Thy Name alone,
Draw we near Thy Father's throne.

Holy Jesu, at Whose Name,
Through this universal frame,
By th' Almighty Sire's decree
Every one shall bow the knee:
To Thy Father's Name we join
In co-equal worship Thine.

Son of Man, to Whom is given,
With the Majesty of Heaven,
Partner Thou of man's estate,
For mankind to mediate:
Hear us, when to Thee we plead
For Thy flock to intercede.

Son of God, to Whom of right,
Partner of Thy Father's might,
Sole, adorable and true,
Empire o'er the world is due:
Hear us, when to Thee we call
For Thy blessing, Lord of all!

Saviour of the world, to Thee
Ever bows the Church her knee;
Thee, her only Advocate,
Thee, exalted to Thy state,
With the Holy Ghost Most High
In the Father's Majesty. [52]

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## Ascension Day.

### MATTINS.

I.

The Lord ascendeth up on high,
The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously,
In power and might excelling;
Hell and the grave are captive led,
Lo! He returns, our glorious Head,
To His eternal dwelling.

The heavens with joy receive their Lord,
By saints, by angel hosts adored;
O day of exultation!
O earth! adore thy glorious King,
His rising, His ascension sing
With grateful adoration.

Our great High Priest hath gone before,
Thence on His Church His grace to pour,
And bring us to salvation;
O may our hearts to Him ascend;
May all within us upward tend,
Where lies our expectation.

May all our hearts, O Lord! seek Thee;
Our hearts from every burden free
Of earthly care and pleasure;
And when our mortal days shall end,
O may our souls to Thee ascend,
Our everlasting treasure.

By saints on earth and saints in Heaven,
All praise to Christ our King be given,
To Heaven e'en now ascended;
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God of Heaven's expectant host
In bright array extended. [53]

II.

Now to our Saviour let us raise
The noblest hymn we may;
For with the voice of joy and praise
God is gone up to-day.

Christ is gone up: yet ere He passed
From earth in Heaven to reign,
He formed one holy Church to last
Till He shall come again.

His twelve Apostles first He made
His ministers of grace;
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

So age by age, and year by year,
His grace was handed on;
And still the holy Church is here
Although her Lord is gone.

Let those find pardon, Lord, from Thee
Whose love to her is cold;
Bring wanderers in, and let there be
One Shepherd and One Fold.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
By men on earth be honour done,
And by the heavenly host. [54]

## EVENSONG.

### I.

### ÆTERNE REX ALTISSIME.

KING Eternal, Power unbounded,
Strong Thy faithful ones to save;
Death to Thee, all deadly wounded,
Triumph and high glory gave.

Through the starry orbs ascending
Where Thy throne of glory call'd,
Robed from Heaven with power unending,
By no human hand install'd:

There Thy kingdoms three adore Thee,
Heaven above, and earth below,
Darkest hell beneath, before Thee,
All the knee submissive bow.

Heaven's high host with awe beholdeth
Death to life restored again;
Flesh corrupteth, Flesh remouldeth,
Flesh true God of God doth reign.

Who in Heaven our Crown remainest,
O'er our earthly sorrows beam;
Who the round world's frame sustainest,
O'er all worldly joys supreme;

Lord, from earth our prayers pursue Thee,
Saviour, all our sins forgive,
Lift our hearts on high unto Thee,
By Thy grace upraised to live.

So, when Thou at Thy swift coming,
From Thy judgment-cloud shalt shine,
Thou mayst stay our righteous dooming,
And our forfeit crowns assign.

Hail, to Heaven in triumph riding,
Jesu, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding,
With One Spirit evermore. [55]

II.

O CHRISTE QUI NOSTER POLI.

O Thou gone up our Harbinger
To Heaven's dread palaces,
Look on us lying helpless here,
And lift us to the skies.

May holy love the stair supply
To those pure joys divine,
Which undiscern'd by nature's eye,
In Faith's true mirror shine.

Where God doth His tried children own,
And gives Him to the blest,
He, All in All, their toils doth crown,
And is Himself their rest.

Thy grace alone to Thee can lead,
And place us near Thy throne;
Do Thou to help us in our need,
Send down Thy Holy One.

Praise Him Who sits at God's right hand,
Praise Father, as most meet,
And to all time in every land,
Praise the Dread Paraclete. [56]

¶ *The hymns,* The Lord ascendeth up on high, *and,* King Eternal, *will serve for Ascension Eve.*

¶ *The same hymns will serve for Mattins and Evensong on the Sunday after Ascension Day.*

# Whit-Sunday.

## MATTINS.

### I.

### VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

CREATOR, Spirit! by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour Thy joys on human kind,
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated Light!
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice Holy Fount! Thrice Holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy seven-fold energy,
Thou Strength of His Almighty Hand,
Whose power does Heaven and earth command,
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense.

Refine and purge our earthly parts,
But, oh! inflame and fire our hearts,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand and hold them down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died,
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee. [57]

II.

BEATA NOBIS GAUDIA.

AGAIN the circling seasons tell
The blest and joyous hour,
When erst upon th' Apostles fell
The Spirit's hallowing shower.

In flame-drops lights the thrilling fire;
A tongue its mystic form,
Each mouth with wisdom to inspire,
With love each heart to warm.

In every tongue their voice is heard;
The Gentiles tremble round;
The hearts in whom the Spirit stirr'd,
They deem in new wine drown'd.

'Tis all in mighty mystery done;
The Paschal season past,
The Pentecostal days outrun,
Remission comes at last.

To Thee, All-pitying Lord, we pray,
To earth, before Thee, bend,
Thy Spirit Blest from Heaven this day
On us Thy suppliants send. [58]

## EVENSONG.

### I.

¶ *The hymn,* Creator Spirit, *will serve for the first hymn for Evensong.*

### II.

When God of old came down from Heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love,
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd His Holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Winged with the sinner's doom,
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come:

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep dark cloud.

So when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from Heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Come Father, Spirit, Word of Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. [59]

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## Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun-Week.

¶ *The hymn,* Again the circling seasons, *and the hymn,* Our God in glory, *used at Evensong for the first Sunday after Easter, will serve for these days.*

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## Trinity Sunday.

### MATTINS.

I.

The Father God we glorify,
E'en Him Who arched the vaulted sky,
Who mighty earth's circumference spanned,
And weighed its waters in His hand;

Gave life unto each living thing,
Created man their earthly king,
Then gave His Son for man to die;
The Father God we glorify.

Give glory to the Son Who came
Clothed in our fleshly mortal frame,
Who bore our sins, vouchsafed to give
Himself to die, that we might live;
Who, holy, harmless, undefil'd,
Was patient, spurned; was dumb, revil'd;
Is perfect God and Man in one;
Give glory to th' Incarnate Son.

Give glory to the Holy Ghost
Who, on the day of Pentecost,
From Heaven to earth in mercy came,
Descending as in tongues of flame;
The promised Comforter and Guide
Through Whom the soul is sanctified;
Ye saints on earth, ye heavenly host,
Give glory to the Holy Ghost.

Join all on earth, in Heaven above,
In honour, blessing, glory, love;
Sing praises to the Father Lord,
Sing praises to th' Incarnate Word,
Sing praises to that Power Divine
Who sanctifies the inner shrine;
Yea, every creature glorify
The Trinity in Unity. [60]

II.

God of our health, our Life and Light,
That Thou hast purified our sight;

The truth Thy sacred words express,
To see, receive, believe, confess;
Accept the thanks we hymn to Thee,
Lord God Almighty, One and Three!

That washed in Thy thrice Holy Name,
A new relation thence we claim,
And born by nature sons of earth,
Thence share by grace a heavenly birth;
Accept the thanks we hymn to Thee,
Lord God Almighty, One and Three!

That thence we worship Thee alone,
And Whom our vows baptismal own,
To Thee the prayer of faith we bring,
To Thee the song of glory sing;
Accept the thanks we hymn to Thee,
Lord God Almighty, One and Three!

That thence the course we're trained to run
Of goodness, at Thy font begun,
Our Saviour's Cross to keep in view,
His faith confess, His steps pursue;
Accept the thanks we hymn to Thee,
Lord God Almighty, One and Three!

O Holy, Holy, Holy Thou,
God of our health, preserve us now
Firm in Thy worship, fear and love,
That we may see Thy face above,
And there our thanks still hymn to Thee,
Lord God Almighty, One and Three! [61]

## EVENSONG.

### I.

¶ *The hymn,* The Father God we glorify, *will serve for the first hymn for Evensong.*

### II.

#### TE DEUM PATREM.

FATHER of all, to Thee we raise
The tribute of our grateful praise,
Who for our twofold life hast giv'n
Bread from the earth, and Bread from Heav'n.

Thou too, O Jesu, be adored,
The Only Son, th' Almighty Lord,
Who, to save sinners from their doom,
Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

Thou, on the Cross a victim made,
The ransom of the world hast paid;
Through Thee alone on guilty men
The hope of life has dawned again.

And Thou, by Whose Almighty aid,
The spotless, pure and holy Maid
Brought forth Incarnate Deity;
Eternal Spirit, praise to Thee.

Three Persons, but One God, whose grace
Both forms and saves our human race,
With joyful hearts and lips, to Thee
We hymn this mighty mystery.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Laud, honour, glory, Majesty,
Now and henceforth for ever be. [62]

# The First Sunday after Trinity.

I.

TE PRINCIPEM.

Thou first and chief dost, Lord, demand
Our love to Thee above;
And next to Thee, Thou dost command
That we our neigbours love:
Look down on Thine own Church below,
Which in Thy love would live and grow.

Though many members, we are one,
One body, heart and soul,
And faith and truth together run,
And fill the mighty whole;
But envy sets us thence afar,
And strife that wakes internal war.

Blest Triune God, Thy gracious care
Such bonds must form and keep,
That we our brethren's joys may share,
And weep with them that weep:
Then may Thy praises never cease,
Great Builder of Thy house of peace. [63]

II.

Fountain of good! to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render Lord to Thee
When all the worlds are Thine?

But Thou hast needy brethren here
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
Before Thy Father's face.

In their sad accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard,
In them Thou mayst be clothed and fed
And visited and cheer'd.

Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in Thy poor would see,
For while we minister to them
We do it, Lord, to Thee.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. [64]

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## The Second Sunday after Trinity.

I.

O Saviour, awful was the word,
In Patmos' island lone,
By him in holy vision heard,
Thy own beloved John.

Behold, I come, I come with speed,
With Me is My reward;
And then of every man the meed
Shall with his work accord.

Come then, from every faithful breast
The Holy Spirit cries;
And Come, in spotless raiment drest
The Church, Thy Bride, replies.

O blest are they whose bosoms share
The Spirit's gifts serene;
Blest, who the bridal garment wear,
That vesture white and clean.

Blest who in Thy Communion erst
Have loved, O Christ! to dwell,
Have freely drunk and slaked their thirst
At Thy enlivening well.

And when, at length, Thy warnings show
At hand the hour of doom,
Can meekly answer, Even so,
Yea, come, Lord Jesus, come.

To Thee, Whose Bride the Church doth call,
Be praise eternally,
With God the Father, Lord of all,
And, Holy Ghost, with Thee. [65]

II.

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
Steady the wavering flame,
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he
In such attention found,
He shall His Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head,
Among His Angel band.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be,
As was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity. [66]

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## The Third Sunday after Trinity.

I.

O Lord, Thy presence is reveal'd
By mountain and by flood,
By woodland and by quiet field,
And homes where dwell the good.

But at the sinner's thoughtless board,
Who hopes for trace of Thine?
Yet there in mercy, Gracious Lord,
Thou settest still Thy sign.

Thy holy Presence shines there yet;
Since by Thy Blessed Son,
While sinners round at meat were set,
His Father's work was done.

'Tis bliss for those whose path must be
Through busy scenes, to feel
How with the evil mingled He
In meekness, love and zeal.

Blest thought, for every faithful heart
That pure would still remain,
Yet do its firm but gentle part
Amid the bad and vain.

Good Lord! through this world's troubled way
Thy children's path secure;
And lead them onward, day by day,
Kindly, like Thee, and pure.

Be theirs to do Thy work of love,
All erring souls to win;
Amid a sinful world to move,
Yet give no smile to sin.

To Jesus, God the Son, Who came
Lost sinners to restore,
The Father and the Holy Ghost,
Be glory evermore. [67]

II.

Hark! through the courts of Heaven
Voices of Angels sound;
He that was dead now lives again,
He that was lost is found.

God of unfailing grace,
Send down Thy Spirit now;
Raise the dejected soul to hope,
And make the lofty bow.

In countries far from home
On earthly husks we feed;
Back to our Father's house, O Lord,
Our wandering footsteps lead.

Then at each soul's return
The heavenly harp shall sound;
He that was dead now lives again,
He that was lost is found!

To God the Son Who came
Lost sinners to restore,
The Father and the Holy Ghost,
Be glory evermore. [68]

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## The Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

I.

¶ *The hymn,* Here hast Thou, Lord, *used for the Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity, will serve for the first hymn for this day.*

II.

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

His Presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing;
And day and night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb Who dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment Divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

Midst pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear,
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

To Thee, Whom all Thy Saints adore,
All earth's and heaven's host,
Be blessing, honour, glory, power,
Son, Sire, and Holy Ghost. [69]

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## The Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

I.

Creator of the rolling flood!
On whom Thy people hope alone;
Who cam'st by water and by blood,
For man's offences to atone;

Who from the labours of the deep
Didst set Thy servant Peter free,
To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,
And build an endless Church to Thee.

Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
And leaning on Thy bounteous hand,
To seek Thy help in humble prayer,
And on Thy sacred rock to stand:

And when our livelong toil to crown,
Thy call shall set the spirit free,
To cast with joy our burthen down,
And rise, O Lord, and follow Thee!

To Thee, Whom all Thy Saints adore,
Thy Church on earth, Thy heavenly host,
Be blessing, honour, glory, power,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. [70]

II.

PROMITTIS ET SERVAS.

Thy promise, Lord, is our sure stay,
Thy faith immoveable,
To Thee we turn at dawning day,
To Thee our wants we tell.

Man's promise, in the hour of need,
Frail as himself is found,
Which fails, and like the broken reed,
The leaning hand doth wound.

Blessed is he, who in Thy breast,
Himself doth wholly hide;
No whirlwind's power shall break their rest
Who in that Rock abide.

Let our hearts fail, Thy hand shall hold
With sacramental ties;
Hope, on the mighty pledge made bold,
To endless good doth rise;

Springs to Thy throne on Mercy's beam,
And casts aside her care,
And drinks of the celestial stream
That flows for ever there.

Of grace, adored Trinity,
The everlasting Spring,
Sole hope of safety, unto Thee
With our whole heart we cling, [71]

---

## The Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

I.

¶ *The hymn,* Where is Thy victory, *used for Easter Even, will serve for the first hymn.*

II.

Lord, dare we pray Thee dwell within
Our hearts, defiled with taint of sin?
Signed with the Cross in childhood's morn,
Adopted sons and soldiers sworn,
Then fostered by Thy Church's care,
By praise, by teaching, and by prayer.

Too soon by youth and passion flushed
Baptismal seeds of grace we crushed,
Bade Thee, O Holy Ghost! depart,
And gave to earth our earthly heart;
Yet who save Thee can youth renew,
And quench its fires in quickening dew?

And who, in manhood's noonday beam,
Can lead, save Thee, to comfort's stream?
O if Thou seest us erring still,
O bend to Thine our stubborn will,
And bring us to Thy fold again,
(If need) by chastisements and pain.

Bring us by sickness and by health,
By tribulation, and by wealth;

Bring us by all the powers of sense,
By all the course of Providence,
By inmost conscience not yet dumb,
By all the past, by all to come;

By God's best gifts, His Son to die,
And Thee our hearts to sanctify,
Bring us before our sun go down,
To bear the cross, to win the crown,
And then with songs of praise adore
The Triune God for evermore. [72]

---

## The Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

I.

The earth, O Lord, is full of Thee,
So is the great and mighty sea;
Thy living creatures great and small,
In wisdom hast Thou made them all.

They look to Thee and they are fed;
Thou givest them their daily bread;
Thou list'nest to them when they cry;
Thou tak'st their breath away, they die.

Thou makest stormy winds to blow;
Thou sendest down the winter snow;
Thou giv'st in spring-time sun and showers
To make both trees bud forth and flowers.

Saviour! if thus Thou dost array
The flowers which only live a day,
And feed'st all creatures from Thy store,
Wilt Thou not care for us much more?

Thy people Thou wilt clothe and feed,
And send them all good things they need,
And give their souls that heavenly food,
Thy precious Body and Thy Blood.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. [73]

II.

Come to a desert place apart
And rest a little while:
So spake the Christ when limbs and heart
Waxed faint and sick through toil.

High thoughts with God Emmanuel sought,
But, while He sought them, found
The restless crowd together brought,
And labour's weary round.

Then, not a thought to self was given,
Nor breathed a word of blame;
He fed their souls with bread from Heaven,
Then stayed their sinking frame.

Turned He, when that long task was done,
To sleep fatigue away?
When on the desert sank the sun,
The Saviour waked to pray.

O perfect Pattern from above,
So strengthen us that ne'er
Prayer keep us back from works of love,
Nor works of love from prayer.

To Jesus, Blessed Fount of Love,
God's own Eternal Son,
The Father and the Quick'ning Dove,
Unceasing praise be done. [74]

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## The Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

I.

In God's own garden stands a tree,
Fast fixed in earth its root,
In heav'n's dews bathed, and fair to see,
And charged with goodly fruit.

Like to that fruit none other grows,
So pleasant and so good:
What else a specious semblance shows,
Affords no wholesome food.

The tree that God's own garden breeds;
Faith is that goodly tree:
The fruits it genders are the deeds
Of Christian charity.

God, in Thy Church, that cultured field,
Which Thou hast fenced around,
O may that tree its richness yield,
With all good fruit abound!

For deeds, though fair, Thou wilt not own,
Save of Thy Spirit bred;
And faith, unfruitful and alone,
By Thee is counted dead.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All honour by the Church be done,
And by the heavenly host. [75]

¶ *The hymn,* Lord, dare we pray Thee, *used for the Sixth Sunday after Trinity, will serve for the second hymn for this day.*

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## The Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

I.

Christ before thy door is waiting;
Rouse thee, slave of earthly gold.
Lo! He comes, thy pomp abating,
Hungry, thirsty, homeless, cold;
Hungry, by Whom Saints are fed
With th' eternal living Bread;
Thirsty, from Whose pierced side
Healing waters spring and glide;
Cold and bare He comes, Who never
May put off His robe of light;
Homeless, Who must dwell for ever
In the Father's bosom bright.

In kind ambush alway lying,
He besets Thy bed and path,
Fain would see thee hourly buying
Prayers against the time of wrath,
Prayers of thankful mourners here,
Prayers that in Love's might appear,
With the offerings of the Blest,
At the shrine of perfect rest.

See, His undecaying treasure
Lies like dew upon the grass,
To be won and stored at pleasure:
But its hour will quickly pass.

Christ before His altar standing,
Priest of priests, in His own day,
Calls on thee, some fruit demanding
Of the week's heaven-guarded way.
See His arm stretched out to bless:
Whoso nearest to Him press,
Open-handed, eagle-eyed,
They may best that arm abide,
When, the last dread lightnings wielding,
He shall lift it, and decree,
Go, ye churls, of soul unyielding,
Where no gift nor prayer shall be.

Bring thine all, thy choicest treasure,
Heap it high, and hide it deep:
Thou shalt win o'erflowing measure,
Thou shalt climb where skies are steep.
For as Heaven's true only light
Quickens every form so bright,
So where bounty never faints,
There Lord is with His Saints,
Mercy's sweet contagion spreading
Far and wide from heart to heart,
From His wounds atonement shedding
On the blessed widow's part.

Praise to Christ, in love excelling,
Him Whom earth and Heaven adore,
In the Father's glory dwelling,
With the Spirit evermore. [76]

II.

O LORD, refresh Thy flock!
Athirst to Thee they cry:
Thou art the spiritual Rock
Whence they must drink or die.

O Lord! our sickness heal;
Thou, in our sufferings sore,
Wert lifted up, that we might feel
Sin's poison-fangs no more.

Preserve us, Lord, from death!
Thou art the Lamb Whose blood
Sprinkled o'er Israel's doors in faith,
A token was for good.

With many a bitter herb,
Of wishes dear subdued,
'Tis meet, that, dressed in pilgrim-garb,
We take Thee for our food.

Away those types are cast,
And now Thyself we see:
Yet let each hint that cheered the past,
Still lift our hearts to Thee!

To God the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost be praise,
As in the ancient times was done,
And shall through endless days. [77]

## The Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

I.

O Lord! whate'er belongs to Thee,
May we with reverence greet,
Nor dare Thy holy property
As things unhallowed treat.

Thy Name no lip with jesting light,
Or idle speech profane;
Thy word no ear neglectful slight,
Or haughtily disdain.

Thy house; may there no reckless foot
The heedless mind display;
Nor worldly toils or gauds pollute
Thy peaceful sacred day.

May no vain heart the servants spurn
Who Thy commission bear;
Nor proudly from Thy Table turn,
Nor rashly venture there.

Lord, grant us grace each holy thing
Occasion meet to make
Of praise for Thee our Heavenly King,
And prize it for Thy sake.

Thy Name, Thy word, Thy house, Thy day,
Thy priests and rites divine,
The honour for Thy sake we pay,
That honour, Lord, is Thine.

Thou seest the duteous heart when we
Touch but Thy garment's hem,
And Thou hast said, Who honour Me,
Lo! I will honour them!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be honour, glory, blessing, power,
Henceforth for evermore. [78]

II.

The twelve holy men are gathered in prayer,
The Psalm mounts on high, the Spirit descends:
A keen silent thrilling is round them in air,
A Power from the Highest with thought and word blends.

They pass by the way to sight poor and mean:
How glorious the train that streams to and fro!
The blind, dumb, halt, withered, by hundreds are seen,
The prisoners of Satan lie chained where they go.

O lay them but where the shadow may fall
Of Christ's awful Saint, to prayer as he speeds:
The mighty love token all fiends shall appal,
A gale breathe from Eden assuaging all needs.

Or bring where they lie Paul's girdle or vest:
One touch and one word: the pain fleets away,
The dark hour of frenzy is charmed into rest:
The hem of Christ's garment all creatures obey.

Christ is in His Saints; from Godhead made Man,
The virtue goes out the whole world to bless.
O'er lands parched and weary that shadow began
To spread from th' Apostles, and ne'er shall grow less.

Thee, Lord of Thy Saints, the Godhead made Man,
The Father untiring in gifts of His grace,
The Spirit Who aids redemption's vast plan,
Let earth and the heavens eternally praise. [79]

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## The Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

I.

¶ *The hymn,* O Lord, turn not Thy face from me, *used for Ash-Wednesday, will serve for the first hymn, if instead of the doxology there be used the following—*

To the One God Who heareth prayer,
Son, Sire and Spirit Blest,
For aid the Church shall still repair,
In time of her unrest.

II.

AD TEMPLA.

From the swaddling bands of night,
When sprang the world so fair,
Putting on her robes of light,
O what a power was there!

When our God who gave His Son,
His guilty foes to spare,
Woke to life the Guiltless One,
O what a love was there!

When from the Eternal's hand
The earth in beauty stood,
Decked in light at His command,
He saw and called it good.

Yet a goodlier world it stood
To the Creator's sight,
In the Lamb's all-cleansing blood
Washed to celestial white.

In the light of rising morn,
Which o'er creation flies,
We descry, by fancy borne,
A Heaven beyond the skies.

More, much more, in Jesu's face
When faith looks up in prayer,
The image bodily we trace
Of all God's fulness there.

In Thy law, Blest Trinity,
A torchlight sure and true,
What Thou forbiddest may we flee,
What Thou dost bid pursue. [80]

# The Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

I.

SINÆ SUB ALTO VERTICE.

From thundering skies at Sinai's rock
Of old the law was given,
And trumpet loud and lightnings spoke
The present God of Heaven.

But now He loves with temper'd might,
Our human flesh to take,
And beaming on our feeble sight,
With milder rays to break.

Engraved on stone, the law defined
Rules, but no strength conveyed;
Writ on the heart the Gospel joined
Its rules with power to aid.

This was by voice and faithful pen,
This by the lives revealed,
Answering the voice of sainted men,
And by their life-blood sealed.

O Thou, by Whose Good Spirit taught,
The words of life they bear,
Plant Thou their records in our thought,
And ever root them there.

So be, Thrice Holy God, to Thee,
Whose voice from shades of night,
Called us Thy glory's beams to see,
High praise and sovereign might. [81]

II.

¶ *The hymn,* Awful is the priestly state, *used for the Second Sunday after Easter, will serve for the second hymn for this day.*

## The Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

¶ *The hymn,* Thou first and chief, *used for the First Sunday after Trinity, will serve for the first hymn, and* Plunged in a gulf, *used for the second hymn for Easter-Even, will serve for this day.*

## The Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

¶ *The hymn,* Lord, Whose love, *used for the Third Sunday after Epiphany, will serve for the first hymn, and the hymn,* Creator Spirit, *used for Whit-Sunday, will serve for the second hymn for this day.*

## The Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

I.

¶ *The hymn,* The earth, O Lord, *used for the Seventh Sunday after Trinity, will serve for the first hymn.*

II.

When I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of Christ my God,
All the vain things which charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down,
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

To God the Blessed Three in One,
From every soul all glory be,
Crown, Lord, Thy Servants who have won,
Through Thee the Cross's victory. [82]

*Or,*

Canst thou, O Christian soul, forget,
That thy whole life is one long debt
Of love to Him that on the Tree,
Offered the flesh He took for thee?

This Tree of life wilt thou despise,
Or not to it lift up thine eyes,
Whose fruit shall heal thy deadly wound,
Quicken, restore, and make thee sound?

O how canst thou from hence depart,
And not to Him lift up thine heart;
To Him Who here did conquering tread,
On the vile serpent's cursed head?

Lo! how the streams of precious blood
Flow from five wounds into one flood,
With these He washes all thy stains,
And buys thy ease with His sharp pains.

Thy wonders who can then declare?
Or what with thee, blest Tree, compare?
Oh, may aloft thy branches shoot,
And heal all nations with thy fruit!

Live, Oh, for ever live and reign,
Blest Lamb, Whom Thine Own love has slain,
And may Thy lost sheep live to be
True lovers of Thy Cross and Thee!

Oh, may we reap from Thine increase
The just more grace, and sinners peace;
And though we dead and withered be,
Yet make the dead to grow on Thee!

All glory to the Sacred Three,
One undivided Deity!
As it was in the ages gone,
May now, and ever hence be done. [83]

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## The Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

I.

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,

Thou hast shed the human tear:
God the Son, O Jesu, hear!

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls;
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
God the Son, O Jesu, hear!

When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear,
God the Son, O Jesu, hear!

Son of Mary, unto Thee,
Son of God we bow the knee,
Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
One True God by all confess'd. [84]

II.

When man in sin's wild maze was lost,
And on impetuous billows toss'd,
While Hope its cheering ray denies,
Lo! God His vast compassion shows,
His dear and only Son bestows,
Who for our safety freely dies.

O height! O length! O breadth! O deep!
What love with Thine can measures keep?
Love that from glory Jesus brought;
That plunged Him deep in sorrow's flood,
That pierced His soul and drained his blood,
O Love transcending Angels' thought!

O may at length my willing breast
Be all with love of Thee possessed,
Be all inflamed with heavenly fire,
May I Thy praise for ever sing,
Thy boundless praise, My God and King,
And Thee, and only Thee admire.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom Heaven's triumphant host
And suffering Saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more. [85]

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## The Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

I.

When mortals praise thee, hide thine eyes,
Nor in thy Master's wrong
Take to thyself His crown and prize;
Yet more in heart than tongue.

None holier than the desert Priest
Beneath the Law's dim sky;
Yet in Heaven's kingdom with the least,
We read, he might not vie.

No member, yet, of Christ the Son,
No gospel prophet he;
Only a voice from out the Throne
Of dread yet blest decree.

If he confessed, nor dared deny,
Woe to that Christian's heart,
Who in man's praise would walk on high,
And steal his Saviour's part!

And ah! to him what tenfold woe,
Who hides so well his sin;
Through earth he seems a saint to go,
Yet dies impure within.

Pray we our Lord one pang to send
Of deep remorseful fear
For every smile of partial friend:
Praise be our penance here.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All honour by the Church be done,
And by the heavenly host. [86]

II.

Lord, in Thy kingdom there shall be,
No aliens from each other,
But even as he loves himself,
Each Saint shall love his brother.

When in Thy Courts we meet below,
To mourn our sinful living,
And with one mingling voice repeat
Confession, Creed, Thanksgiving;

Make us to hear in each sweet word,
Thy Holy Spirit calling,
To union with Thy Church and Thee;
That heavenly bond forestalling.

One baptism, one faith have we,
One Spirit sent to win us;
One Lord, one Father, and one God,
Above, and through, and in us.

Never, by schism or by sin,
May we this union sever,
Till all to perfect stature grown,
Are one with Thee for ever.

O God the Blessed Trinity,
The Father, Son, and Spirit,
The Church's type of Unity,
All praise to Thy great merit. [87]

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## The Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

I.

¶ *The hymn,* Thou first and chief, *used for the First Sunday after Trinity, will serve for the first hymn for this day.*

II.

Thou knowest, Lord, that they
Who seek our souls to slay,
Are mightier far than we;
O strong to save from harm!
Thy fainting servants arm
With Thine Own panoply.

O'er rugged ways we toil;
Let then our feet the while
With Gospel peace be shod;
And in our hands, O Lord,
Bear we Thy Spirit's sword,
The living Word of God.

Give us the shield of faith;
So darts of hell and death
Shall round us harmless fall;
And when we faint, let prayer
Thy messenger be there,
On Thee for strength to call.

Dark is the vale we tread
Among the living dead,
Who live not, Lord, to Thee;
Hell's ambushed archers lurk
In thought, and word, and work,
To smite us mortally.

O Father, Spirit, Son,
Thou hast the victory won;
With us in battle be:
Who shall Thy conquests stay,
Till at Thy feet Thou lay
Death, Thy last enemy? [88]

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## The Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

I.

¶ *The hymn,* Awful is the priestly state, *used for the Second Sunday after Easter, will serve for the first hymn for this day.*

II.

SPLENDOR PATERNÆ GLORIÆ.

O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night,

Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand to fall no more.

May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.

May faith deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

O Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Thy grace devoutly we implore
Thy Name be praised for evermore! [89]

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## The Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

I.

¶ *The hymn,* O Saviour, awful, *used for the Second Sunday after Trinity, will serve for the first hymn.*

II.

Praise we our God! our voices raise,
The Lord of hosts, our God, to praise!
To Him, by Whom our lips unclose,
The tongue its richest homage owes.

Who, 'mid glad anthems pealing high,
Would wait in lifeless silence by?
When worship claims the Song of praise
No Psalms and Hymns melodious raise?

Rise, rise, and act the angels' part,
In gesture, voice, and holy heart;
Who loud their Hallelujahs sing,
With crowns cast off and folded wing.

O may we here our homage pay,
Like angels in the realms of day;
That we in future worlds may hymn
God's praises with the Cherubim!

Praise Him, adored in ages past;
Praise Him, Whose praise shall ever last:
Praise Him amid His heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost. [90]

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## The Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

I.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All honour by the Church be done,
And by the heavenly host. [91]

II.

¶ *The hymn,* Thou knowest, Lord, *used for the Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, will serve for the second hymn.*

## The Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

I.

JUBES, ET IN PRÆCEPS AQUIS.

Here hast Thou, Lord, Thy children set,
To dwell in one abode;
May they be here together met
In holy brotherhood.

A brotherhood of exiles here,
But to His house above
Are gathered by a Father's care,
Who learn a brother's love.

Who hurt their neighbour with ill tongue,
Or arts of evil leaven,
Thou puttest far from Angels' song,
And palaces of Heaven.

Lo! earth herself in agony,
The wicked scarce sustains,
And yearns in travail to be free
From dark corruption's chains.

And we, too, in our spirits groan,
And full adoption wait;
We with the earnest of the Son,
E'en now predestinate.

Be endless praise, and aye remain
To God, both One and Three,
From Whom, in lowly hearts doth reign
Fraternal charity. [92]

II.

O PRAY we for the Church's weal,
Though earth and hell oppose,
Of good the token and the seal,
Which God on man bestows.

Pray we, her guides may never cease
To rule with holy sway;
Her people still in love and peace
And loyalty obey!

Pray we, that he who round her lurks
With craft and subtle wile,
May not, to aid his hostile works,
The heart of man beguile.

Pray we, dissension may in vain
With unbelief combine,
By open force her towers to gain,
Or sap with secret mine.

Pray we, that no injurious foe
Or rash mistaken friend,
Without, may plot her overthrow,
Within, her union rend.

Pray we, that no opprobrious spot,
Home-bred, or brought from far,
The pureness of her faith may blot,
Her holy worship mar.

O Thou Whose love in man's distress
Thy Church for refuge gave;
Do Thou the Church, Thy household bless,
And for Thy glory save! [93]

## The Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

I.

¶ *The hymn,* O Lord, whate'er belongs to Thee, *used for the Tenth Sunday after Trinity, will serve for the first hymn.*

II.

SUDORE SAT.

PAUL, thou hast drained thy Master's cup,
His bitter woes adored,
And by thy sufferings hast filled up
The suffering of thy Lord.

Not only on thy body borne
Thy Master's mark impressed,
But He within thy spirit worn
Himself doth manifest.

So, holy Paul, thou liv'st no more,
Art dead with Him That died;
But in thy bosom evermore
Doth live the Crucified.

Lord! in Paul's teaching, while we may,
Still let us more abide,
And follow him on Thy blest way,
The follower and the guide.

Grant this, O Thou in Spirit One,
Thrice Holy, One and Three,
And ever be to Thee alone
All praise eternally. [94]

## The Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

¶ *The hymn,* Awful is the priestly state, *used for the Second Sunday after Easter, will serve for the first hymn, and the hymn,* When our heads are bowed with woe, *used for the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, will serve for the second hymn.*

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## The Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.

I.

¶ *The hymn,* Come to a desert place, *used for the Seventh Sunday after Trinity, will serve for the first hymn for this day.*

II.

His are the cattle on the hills,
The flocks are in His sight;
The fowls that on the mountain dwell,
The beasts that roam by night.

Yet He Who owns this countless host,
The Lord of earth and sky,
Commands that nothing should be lost,
No fragment useless lie.

Learn we from this, unceasing care
Of all our gifts to take;
And every day the heart's deep prayer
For every grace to make.

Our wealth, in large or scanty store,
But for one hour is lent;
In the world's vain or selfish lore
No portion must be spent.

Our time, most precious gift of all,
If saved and used aright;
Let not one moment useless fall,
Spend all, as in His sight.

Our feeble frames to cheer and rest,
Sweet sleep and food are given;
So may we use them as may best
Prepare our souls for Heaven.

Our souls' high worth Thou knowest, Lord,
For Thou hast paid the cost;
Such grace to us do Thou afford
That none of them be lost.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All honour by the Church be done,
And by the heavenly host. [95]

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## Saint Andrew's Day.

I.

Of all the honours man may wear,
Of all his titles proudly stored,
No lowly palm this name shall bear,
The first to follow Christ the Lord.

Such name Thou hast Who didst incline,
Fired with the great forerunner's joy,
Homeward to track the steps Divine,
And watch the Saviour's blest employ.

Lord, give to us, Thy servants, grace
To hear whene'er Thy preachers speak;
When Thou commandest, Seek My face,
Thy face in earnest hope to seek.

Thus with the glorious company
Of Thine Apostles may we raise,
Through all eternity to Thee,
Glad hymns of never-ending praise.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All glory be as was of old,
Who calleth us in darkness lost
His saving glory to behold. [96]

II.

CŒLESTIS AULÆ PRINCIPES.

Ye captains of a heavenly host,
Ye princes of a heavenly hall,
Stars in a world in darkness lost,
And judges at its funeral.

Lights rising o'er a wintry night,
With tidings of eternal youth,
On error's long-bewilder'd sight,
Emerging with the lamp of truth.

Captains, but not of spear and shield,
No rebel hosts with steel to tame,
No arms of eloquence to wield,
Nought but the lowly cross of shame.

The chain is riven, and broke the rod,
The world's long, stern captivity,
And we are free to serve our God,
Whose yoke alone is liberty.

To distant lands His heralds fleet,
By God's mysterious presence led;
How beauteous are their passing feet,
Like morn upon the mountains spread!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All glory be as was of old,
Who calleth us in darkness lost
His saving glory to behold. [97]

---

## Saint Thomas the Apostle.

I.

Why lived I not in those blest days
When men could see their Lord?
They felt His hand, they saw His face,
And heard His holy word.

But, if no more we hear His voice,
Yet still to us He calls;
His messengers prepare His way,
And speak within His walls.

And though the Son to heaven is gone,
The Comforter is given,
In the right path to lead us on,
And teach the way to heaven.

Teach us to feel our quiet way
In faith, and not in sight,
To lean upon Thy unseen grace,
And walk by Thy true light.

All glory and all praise to Thee
Who hast in this our night
Disclosed, Thrice Holy Trinity,
Thine everlasting light. [98]

II.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in His train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane:
They bowed their necks the death to feel.
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

O King of Martyrs! take thine own,
Reign o'er Thy Saints, O Lord!
Thy path with martyrs' crowns bestrewn,
Blest Triune God adored. [99]

## The Conversion of Saint Paul.

I.

PASTORE PERCUSSO MINAS.

The Shepherd smitten is, and lo!
His flock the wolf is scattering wide;
For Saul as yet doth little know
He wounds in them a Saviour's side.

Prisons, and chains, and murderous wrath,
He breathes, where stern religion calls,
But one soft word has crossed his path,
And on the ground he stricken falls.

Saul, Saul, whence art thou? whither driven,
To persecute Christ's little band?
This is to wage a war with Heaven,
An arm almighty to withstand.

Lo! forth he spreads beseeching hands,
Prepared beneath Christ's yoke to go,
And trembling asks for His commands,
What wouldst Thou have Thy servant do?

The spoiler fierce is lying low,
The vanquisher lies vanquishëd,
And he who wore a threatening brow,
He is himself in triumph led.

O Lord, it is Thy voice that shakes
Great Lebanon, with matchless ease
It goeth forth from Thee, and breaks
The tall aspiring cedar-trees.

Good Shepherd, keep us as of old,
If Thou should'st hurtful ought discern,
And if we wander from Thy fold,
Again to Thee our bosoms turn.

Glory to God, both One and Three,
Who saw us laid in dead of night,
Glory and praise be unto Thee,
Who call'st us hence to glorious light. [100]

¶ *The hymn,* Ye captains of a heavenly host, *used for Saint Andrew's Day, will serve for the second hymn for this day.*

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## THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE,

COMMONLY CALLED

## The Purification of Saint Mary the Virgin.

I.

TEMPLI SACRATAS.

Sion, ope thy hallowed dome,
To His temple Christ is come;
Lifeless shadows, haste away,
Grace and truth beam out to-day.

Flocks and herds shall bleed no more,
Stanched the flood of reeking gore;
Lo! He comes from Heaven above,
Victim to His Father's love.

Virgin pure, thy downcast eye
Owns His hidden Godhead nigh:
Heavenly musings all unheard,
Meetly hail the silent Word;

While to Heaven thy pious love,
Duly vows the sacred dove,
And upon thy bosom lies
More than dove-like sacrifice.

Sire and sister, age and youth
Kindle at the mighty truth,
And the blissful Presence own,
Panting Faith so long has known.

Glory be to Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One;
God Triune, to Thee we raise
Faithful hearts in ceaseless praise. [101]

II.

O GLORIOSA VIRGINUM.

Eternal glory of the skies,
Who didst not our low earth despise,
From breasts by Thee with life endued,
Content to draw Thy milky food.

The Eden, lost by woman's sin,
Thou, woman-born again, didst win;
And Mary's Holy Son retrieve
The sad incontinence of Eve.

As to thy Father, throned in Heaven,
Thou in His earthly house wast given,
Offering most meet a Holy Child,
By nature, sinless, undefiled;

So to God's house may we repair,
And strive our best to offer there,
With Thee our welcome to secure,
Hearts pure and clean as Thou art pure.

The Way, the Gate, art Thou alone,
That leads us to the Father's throne;
Thee Virgin-born, their life's sole Spring,
By Thee redeemed the nations sing.

Jesus, to Thee be glory paid,
The Son of God, Incarnate made:
Thee with Thy Sire, His glory's Heir,
And joined with both the Comforter! [102]

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## Saint Matthias's Day.

I.

CHRISTE, PASTORUM CAPUT.

O Christ, the chief of pastors, Head and Crown,
The Head on which the anointing came of yore
And to the mantle's skirts went softly down,
This day to Thy true priest the witness bore.

He, who with no self-will, nor spirit vain,
Nor impious self-confidence made bold,
Hath dared that fearful and dread seat sustain,
But bidden of His Lord His staff to hold.

His champion true, to wage His heavenly war,
The Spirit hath anointed all within,
From His full horn of blessings; and from far
Hath sent His flock to feed, and souls to win.

Shepherd and Father, and example fair,
His all he spends for them—himself is spent,
Servant of servants, weighed by others' care,
And all things made to all men, heavenward bent.

Lost souls to save, He for the guilty prays,
Comforts the comfortless, instructs the blind;
Walks amid loftier thoughts than human ways,
With heaven-wrought chains the evil foe to bind.

Grant, Lord, our prayers may not be all in vain,
That we a royal priesthood may be won;
And with an ever freshly-flowing strain,
May sing the Father, Spirit and the Son!

[103]

II.

EXULTET ORBIS.

Let the round world with songs rejoice;
Let Heaven return the joyful voice;
And mindful of the Apostles' fame,
Their Sovereign Master's praise proclaim.

Thou, at Whose word they bore the light
Of gospel truth o'er heathen night,
Oh still to us that light impart,
To glad our eyes and cheer our heart.

Thou at Whose will to them was given
The key that shuts and opens Heaven,
Our chains unbind, our loss repair,
Oh grant us grace to enter there.

Thou, at Whose will they preached the word,
Which cured disease, which health conferred,
To us its healing power prolong,
The weak support, confirm the strong;

That when Thy Son again shall come,
And speak the world's unerring doom,
He may with them pronounce us blest,
And place us in Thy endless rest.

To Thee, O Father; Son, to Thee;
To Thee, Blest Spirit, glory be;
So was it aye for ages past,
So shall through endless ages last. [104]

---

## The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

I.

QUEM TERRA, PONTUS, SIDERA.

Him Whom the skies, the earth, the sea,
Confess, adore, declare
Lord of that threefold regency,
Behold a Virgin bear!

Him Whom the light, and time, and space,
Obey, and own His reign,
Behold, endued with heavenly grace,
An earthly Maid contain!

O blest was she, that Virgin bland,
Whom He, the Lord of all,
That grasps yon concave in His hand,
His Mother deigned to call.

Blest, whom the Angel hailed, on whom
The Holy Ghost came down:
Whose Son, desired their health to come,
Their health the nations own.

And blest, yea rather blest are they,
By whom His will is done,
Who hear His precepts, and obey
The Father in the Son.

To Thee, Eternal Son of God,
Here born of lowly Maid,
Is glory in the Godhead owed,
To Thee be glory paid. [105]

II.

Let us praise God this day,
This day so long foretold;
Whose promise shone, with cheering ray,
On waiting saints of old.

The Prophet gave the sign,
For faithful men to read;
A Virgin, born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised seed.

Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore:
Like her, whom Heaven's Own Majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

Meekly she bowed her head,
To hear the gracious word;
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favoured of the Lord.

Blessed shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
The Incarnate Saviour's birth.

To God the Father, Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
By saints below be honour done,
And by the heavenly host. [106]

## Saint Mark's Day.

I.

CHRISTI PERENNES NUNTII.

CHRIST's everlasting messengers,
Who, from the opening skies,
Traverse the earth in showers of light,
And sow with mysteries.

The things discerned by seers of old,
Behind the shadowy screen,
In noon-day clear have they beheld
With not a veil between.

The things which God as Man endured,
Which Man as God could do,
They write, as God inspires, to men
All climes, all ages through.

Though far in time and space apart,
One Spirit sways them all;
And we in those blest characters
Hear now that living call.

Glory to God, the Three in One!
All glory be to Thee,
Who from our darkness callest us,
Thy wondrous light to see. [107]

II.

FORTES CADENDO MARTYRES.

OF the Martyrs we sing,
Whom the purple adorns,
Who have followed their King,
In His dread crown of thorns,

Now their storms are all past,
And their dark sea of blood
Hath conveyed them at last
To their haven of good.

Though the tyrant is stern,
Yet they fear not his rod,
For their fears nought discern,
But the terrors of God.

Where fierce foemen pursue,
Their life-blood they afford,
As an offering due
To their suffering Lord.

With His Own Martyr's blood,
Then His blood also pleads,
Which once flowed on the wood,
And for them intercedes.

Thus the woe which remains
Must Christ's body fulfil,
Till the last drop it drains
In His cup of all ill.

He for us Who was spent,
In His fulness complete,
Shall Himself then present,
For His Father made meet.

Dread Jehovah we sing,
In Christ Jesus made known;
Of all Martyrs the King,
Of all Martyrs the Crown. [108]

# Saint Philip and Saint James's Day.

I.

PRÆDICTA CHRISTI MORS.

Now the hour is drawing near
  Which your Master shall remove;
Little children, do not fear,
  He shall not forego His love:
With the bannered Cross unfurled
Fear no tumults of the world.

When He wills, the parting storm
  Shall an azure sky disclose;
Thence shall stoop joy's deathless form,
  Smiling on your vanished woes;
While the world's brief pleasures flow
To the sea of endless woe.

He Who as a Brother died,
  And in the cold grave below
Laid Him by His brethren's side,
  He shall hence before you go,
And take you with Him to dwell,
In Godhead unapproachable.

May we here, Lord, die with Thee,
  And with Thy true wisdom wise
Put on immortality,
  Having treasure in the skies,
When all things with one accord
Sing the Triune Holy Lord. [109]

¶ *The hymn,* Let the round world, *used for Saint Matthias's Day, will serve for the second hymn.*

## Saint Barnabas the Apostle.

CŒLO DATUR QUIESCERE.

CROWNED with immortal jubilee
Thy soul, this day set free,
To the calm heavens from earth did pass,
O holy Barnabas!

He for Whose sake, at Whose dear call,
Thou gavest up thine all:
He shall thine all, thy treasure be
Lasting eternally.

'Mid fasting, prayer, and holy hands,
Lo, 'mid the saints he stands,
The Spirit's high behest to bear,
Christ's Heaven-sent messenger.

Thou hast with Paul in labours stood,
Blest bond of brotherhood!
One in the mandate sent from high,
And one in charity.

To what barbaric shores away,
Did ye that light convey,
When boldly from your race ye turned
Who faith's glad message spurned?

Lord, when to us, an offered Guest,
Shall come that Spirit Blest,
Let not our hearts Heaven's bounty slight,
Deeming their darkness light.

All glory and all praise to Thee,
Thrice Holy Trinity;
Who hast disclosed in this our night
Thine everlasting light. [110]

II.

¶ *The hymn,* The Son of God, *used for Saint Thomas's Day, will serve for the second hymn.*

---

## Saint John Baptist's Day.

I.

CLAMANTIS ECCE VOX.

Judæa's desert heard a sound
Of one that cried aloud;
They flocked the holy John around,
With sin and sadness bowed.

Lo, 'mid that guilty company
A sinless Lamb drew near,
His blood alone that crowd can free
From guilt, and shame, and fear.

Before the sun, a taper dim,
John stands and meekly pleads,
Nor pours the hallowing wave; of Him
The Baptist washing needs.

But to obey his God 'tis meet,
Though He Himself depress,
Prepared all fulness to complete,
Perfect in righteousness.

Confessor and great harbinger,
Thou Baptist of the wave;
The Baptist He of living fire,
The secret soul to lave!

To Him Who washed us with His blood,
As hath been heretofore,
To Father, and to Spirit Good,
Be glory evermore! [111]

II.

¶ *The hymn,* In tender years, *used for the Fourth Sunday in Advent, will serve for the second hymn.*

## Saint Peter's Day.

¶ *The hymn,* Creator of the rolling flood! *used for the Fifth Sunday after Trinity, will serve for the first hymn and the hymn,* Of the Martyrs we sing, *used for Saint Mark's Day, for the second hymn for this day.*

## Saint James the Apostle.

I.

Two brothers freely cast their lot
With David's Royal Son,
The cost of conquest counting not,
They deem the battle won.

Brothers in heart, they hope to gain
An undivided joy,
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

Christ heard, and willed that James should fall
First prey of Satan's rage;
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.

Now they join hands, once more above,
Before the Conqueror's throne;
Thus God grants prayer; but in His love
Makes times and ways His own.

To Christ Who hears and answers prayer,
Great Sire and Spirit Blest,
Who for His own still taketh care,
Be constant praise addressed. [112]

¶ *The hymn,* The Son of God, *used for Saint Thomas's Day, will serve for the second hymn.*

---

## Saint Bartholomew the Apostle.

I.

Blessed are they whose hearts are pure,
From guile their spirits free;
To them shall God reveal Himself
They shall His glory see.

Their simple souls upon His word,
In fullest light of love,
Place all their trust; and ask no more
Than guidance from above.

Who, in meek faith unmixed with doubt,
Th' engrafted word receive;
Whom the first sign of heavenly power
Persuades, and they believe.

They, as they walk the painful world,
See hidden glories rise;
Our God the sunshine of His love,
Unfolds before their eyes.

For them far greater things than these,
Doth Christ the Lord prepare;
Whose bliss no heart of man can reach,
No human voice declare.

To Christ, Who doth His people guide
To mansions of the blest,
With Father, and with Holy Ghost,
Be ever praise addressed. [113]

II.

*The hymn,* The Son of God, *used for Saint Thomas's Day, will serve for the second hymn.*

---

## Saint Matthew the Apostle.

I.

*The hymn,* O Lord, Thy presence, *used for the Third Sunday after Trinity, will serve for the first hymn.*

II.

*The hymn,* Let the round world, *used for Saint Matthias's Day, will serve for the second hymn.*

---

## Saint Michael and All Angels.

I.

TE SPLENDOR.

THEE, Who the Father's Brightness art,
Thee, Jesu, Life of each true heart,
With Angels, who on poisëd wing
Await Thy bidding, Thee we sing.

Thee, to Thy Royal service bound,
Ten thousand thousand Chiefs surround,
Salvation's standard Michael holds,
And wide th' all-conquering Cross unfolds.

He the proud crest of dragon fell,
All headlong thrusts to lowest hell,
And smites from Heaven with lightnings due
The chief and all his rebel crew.

May we, against that king of pride,
Walk in his steps, our royal guide;
'Till from the Lamb's all-glorious Throne,
Our Conquest and our Crown be won.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As aye it was, and aye shall be,
All praise to all eternity. [114]

II.

CHRISTE, SANCTORUM DECUS.

CHRIST, of the Holy Angels Light and Gladness,
Maker and Saviour of the human race,
Oh may we reach the world unknown to sadness,
The blessed Mansions where they see Thy face!

Angel of peace, may Michael to our dwelling,
Down from high Heaven in mighty calmness come,
Breathing serenest peace, wild war dispelling,
With all her sorrows, to th' infernal gloom.

Angel of might, may Gabriel swift descending,
Far from our gates our ancient foes repel,
And, his own triumphs o'er the world defending,
In temples dear to Heaven return and dwell.

Angel of health, may Raphael lighten o'er us,
To every sick bed speed his healing flight,
In deeds of doubt direct the way before us,
And through life's mazes guide our steps aright.

Be this by Thy Thrice-Holy Godhead granted,
Father, and Son, and Spirit ever Blest;
Whose glory by the firmament is chanted,
Whose Name by all the universe confess'd.
[115]

---

## Saint Luke the Evangelist.

¶ *The hymn,* Christ's everlasting messengers, *used for Saint Mark's Day, will serve for the first hymn, and the hymn,* The Son of God goes forth to war, *used for Saint Thomas's Day, will serve for the second hymn for this day.*

---

## Saint Simon and Saint Jude, Apostles.

¶ *The hymn,* Lord, in Thy kingdom, *used for the Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity, will serve for the first hymn, and the hymn,* Ye captains of a heavenly host, *used for Saint Andrew's Day, will serve for the second hymn for this day.*

---

## All Saints' Day.

I.

SPONSA CHRISTI.

Spouse of Christ, in arms contending
O'er each clime beneath the sun,
Blend with prayers for help ascending
Notes of praise for triumph won.

As the Church to-day rejoices
All her saints in one to join,
So from earth let all our voices
Rise in melody divine.

Angels, lo! in due gradation
Of their ninefold ministry,
Hymn the Father of Creation
Maker of the stars on high.

John, the herald-voice sonorous,
More than prophet owned to be,
Patriarchs and seers in chorus
Swell th' angelic harmony.

Near to Christ the Apostles seated,
Trampling on the powers of hell,
By the promise now completed,
Judge the tribes of Israel.

They who nobly died believing,
Martyrs, purpled in their gore,
Crowns of life by death receiving,
Rest in joy for evermore.

Confessors, and Gospel-preachers,
Priests and Levites numberless,
Prelates meek, and holy teachers,
Bear the palm of righteousness.

See the faithful, all collected,
Happy in their blest abode;
Who the world's vain joys rejected,
For their Saviour and their God.

All are blest together, praising
God's Eternal Majesty,
Thrice-repeated anthems raising
To th' All-Holy Trinity.

So may we with hearts devoted
Serve our God in holiness;
So may we, by God promoted,
Share that Heaven which they possess.
[116]

II.

God hath two families of love,
In earth below, and Heaven above;
One is in battle sharp and sore,
And one in bliss for evermore.

The Holy Church on earth must fight,
Against the devil and his might;
The Church in Heaven with war hath done,
Yet these two Churches are but one.

For they who loved their Saviour here,
And died in God's true faith and fear,
Have joined the glorious Church on high,
And reign with it beyond the sky.

We thank Thee, Lord, for that high grace,
Which led them to such blessed place;
For there is one bright happy day,
And sin and sorrow flee away.

And there with Thee, their God, they reign,
Where no more tears can come, nor pain;
O teach us so to live, that we
May follow them, as they did Thee.

Teach us to think on them with love,
Until Thou callest us above
To see Thee as Thou art, and bow
Before Thy throne, as they do now.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom all the heavenly host
And Holy Church on earth adore,
Be glory now and evermore. [11

*Or,*

¶ *The hymn,* How bright these glorious spirits shine ! *as for the Fourth Sunday after Trinity.*

# OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

# OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

## For the Holy Days of our Blessed Lord.

Jesu! Whose grace inspires Thy priests
To keep alive, by solemn feasts,
The memory of Thy love;
Oh may we here so pass Thy days,
That they at last our souls may raise,
To feed with Thee above.

Jesu! Behold the Wise from far,
Led to Thy cradle by a star,
Bring gifts to Thee their King;
Oh guide us by Thy light, that we
The way may find, and so to Thee
Ourselves for tribute bring.

Jesu! The pure, the spotless Lamb,
Who to the temple humbly came,
Those legal rites to pay;
Oh make our proud and stubborn will
Thine and Thy Church's laws fulfil,
Whate'er fond nature say!

Jesu! Who on that fatal wood
Pour'dst forth Thy life's last drop of blood,
Nailed to the shameful Cross;
Oh may we bless Thy love, and be
Ready, dear Lord, to bear for Thee
All grief, all pain, all loss.

Jesu! Who by Thine own love slain,
By Thine own power took'st life again,
And from the grave didst rise;
Oh may Thy death our hearts revive,
And at our death a new life give,
A life that never dies.

Jesu! Who to Thy heaven again,
Returnedst in triumph, there to reign,
Of men and angels King;
Oh may our parting souls take flight,
Up to that land of joy and light,
And there for ever sing.

All glory to the Sacred Three,
One undivided Deity;
All honour, power, and praise:
Oh may Thy Blessed Name shine bright,
Crowned with those beams of beauteous light,
Its own eternal rays. [118]

¶ *On the Festivals of our Lord, the foregoing hymn will serve for the hymn after the Evening Sermon.*

¶ *On other occasions, either of the two hymns next following will serve.*

## Evening Hymns.

I.

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Oh may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Oh when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

Oh may my guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
His love Angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. [119]

II.

Sun of our soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earthborn cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servants' eyes.

Abide with us from morn till eve,
For without Thee we cannot live;
Abide with us when night is nigh,
For without Thee we dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark,
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.

The Rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy priests their daily Cross,
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss.

If some poor wandering child of Thine,
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
'Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. [120]

## Confirmation.

*The hymn,* Creator, Spirit! *used for Whit-Sunday, will serve for the hymn before the Sermon, and that next following will serve for the hymn after the Sermon, and before the Order of Confirmation commences.*

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

Come, Holy Ghost! send down those beams,
Which gently flow in silent streams
From Thy bright Throne above:
Come, Thou Enricher of the poor,
And bounteous Source of all our store,
Come, fill us with Thy love.

Come Thou, our souls' most welcome guest,
The wearied pilgrim's sweetest rest;
The sufferer's best relief;
Come, Thou, our passions cool allay,
Whose comfort wipes all tears away,
And turns to joy all grief.

Come, Thou bright Sun, shoot home Thy darts,
Pierce to the centre of our hearts,
And make our faith love Thee;
Without Thy grace, without Thy light,
Our strength is weakness, our day night,
We cannot move or see.

Lord, wash our sinful stains away,
Water from heaven our barren clay,
Our many bruises heal:
To Thy sweet yoke our stiff necks bow,
Warm with Thy fire our hearts of snow,
Our wandering feet repeal.

O grant Thy faithful, dearest Lord,
Whose only hope is Thy sure word,
The seven gifts of Thy Spirit;
Grant us in life to obey Thy grace,
Grant us in death to see Thy face,
And endless joys inherit.

All glory to the Sacred Three,
One Ever-living Deity,
All power, and bliss, and praise;
As at the first, when time begun,
May the same homage still be done,
Till time itself decays. [121]

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## Ordination.

¶ *At Morning Prayer or immediately after, the following hymn will serve.*

Pour out Thy Spirit from on high,
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all the Church's Pastors be.

Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls Whom Thou dost love.

To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night on guard to keep,
To warm the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

Then, when their work is finished here,
Let them in hope their charge resign,
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
May they with crowns of glory shine.

To God, the Blessed Three in One,
From every soul all glory be:
Crown, Lord, Thy servants who shall run
The race, and gain the victory. [122]

¶ *Or the hymn,* Awful is the priestly state, *used for the Second Sunday after Easter.*

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## For a Day of National Humiliation.

Dread Jehovah, God of nations,
From Thy Temple in the skies,
Hear Thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us praying, fasting, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesu's blood can cleanse them all.

Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that Blood our guilt efface,
Save Thy people from oppression,
Father, Son, and Spirit of Grace. [123]

## For a Day of National Thanksgiving.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power without our aid
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the Heavens' our voices raise,
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy Courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as Thyself Thy truth shall stand
When rolling years have ceased to move.

To God Who hears and answers prayer,
The Father, Son, and Spirit Blest,
Who for His own still taketh care,
By all be constant praise address'd. [124]

---

## Laying the First Stone of a Church.

O Lord of Hosts, Whose glory fills,
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes in Christian lands
To dwell in temples made with hands:

Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine Own,
Built on the precious Corner stone.

Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place,
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

To Thee they all pertain; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne,
We but present Thee with Thine Own.

Endue the hearts that guide with skill;
Preserve the hands that work from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine Own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O Ever-Blessed Trinity. [125]

---

## Consecration of a Church.

O God, Who lovest to abide
In Sion's chosen gate,
More than the thousand tents beside,
Where Israel's faithful wait.

Accept our works, and hear our vows,
Unworthy though we be;
And look in mercy on the House
We dedicate to Thee.

Here answer Thou, as Thou art wont,
  Thy people when they pray;
Here in the waters of Thy font
  Let sin be washed away.

Here set Thy Confirmation's seal
  For ghostly strength and good;
Here give Thy people as they kneel
  Their Saviour's Flesh and Blood.

Let never evil thing divide
  The hearts Thou here mak'st one;
By danger or affliction tried,
  Here let Thy servants run.

If after sin they seek Thy face,
  And by Thy precepts live,
Hear Thou in Heaven Thy dwelling-place,
  And when Thou hear'st, forgive!

If there be famine in the land,
  Or pestilence, or foe,
Stretch out from Heaven Thy strong right hand,
  When here Thy flock fall low.

Here find they refuge from their foes,
  And grace and peace alway:
Here let their dust in hope repose,
  Until the judgment day.

Bless those, O Lord, and hear their cry,
  That raised Thy temple here;
That in Thy House beyond the sky
  With joy they may appear.

And whoso seeks, by guile or might
  To wrong Thy Holy Place;
Thou shalt avenge, O God, Thy right,
  On him and all his race.

Wisdom and power to God alone:
Praise to the Father be,
And to the precious Corner Stone,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee! [126]

II.

CŒLESTIS URBS JERUSALEM.

City of Heaven, Jerusalem,
Blest vision of the peace on high,
With living stones, each stone a gem,
Uplifted to the starry sky,
In all thy bridal splendour crowned,
With thousand thousand angels round.

Oh, wedded with a lot most bright,
E'en with the Father's glory dowered,
In all the Bridegroom's beauty dight,
Queen, in all loveliness embowered;
To Christ the King in marriage given,
Resplendent citadel of Heaven.

With purest pearls thy portals shine,
And day and night unclosed remain,
And thither led by grace divine,
Of mortals winds an holy train,
Who for the love of Christ have borne
The racking Cross and robe of scorn.

With many a needful stroke, impress'd
By dint of Heavenly Builder's hand,
With many a blow those stones are dress'd,
And for that pile celestial planned;
Till fitly framed and firmly braced,
And on its rising summit placed.

To God the Father in the height,
Fixed in His everlasting seat,
And to the Son, True Light of Light,
And to the Mighty Paraclete,
All praise, all power, all glory be,
Through all the long eternity. [127]

---

## Feast of Dedication of a Church.

PATRIS ÆTERNI.

O WORD of God above,
Who fillest all in all,
Hallow this House with Thy sure love,
And bless our Festival.

Grace in this Font is stored,
To cleanse each guilty child,
The Spirit's blest anointing poured
Brightens the once defiled.

Here Christ of His Own Blood,
Himself the chalice gives,
And feeds His Own with Angels' food
On which the spirit lives.

For guilty souls that pine,
Sure mercies here abound,
And healing grace, with oil and wine,
For every secret wound.

Yea, God, enthroned most high,
Here also dwells to bless;
Here trains the souls that contrite sigh,
His mansions to possess.

No wintry storm nor shower
Shall harm this holy home,
Nor, worse than they, the evil power
Which dwells within the gloom.

All might, all praise be Thine,
The God Whom all adore,
The Father, Son, and Spirit Divine,
Both now and evermore. [128]

¶ *The hymn,* City of Heaven, *used for the Consecration of a church, will also serve for a Feast of Dedication.*

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## Offertory Days.

## Propagation of the Gospel.

I.

### FOREIGN MISSIONS.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The Heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you ye waters roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Lord! o'er our ransom'd nature,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Blest Spirit, Great Creator,
One God in triumph reign! [129]

II.

## HOME MISSIONS.

Oh send abroad God's Holy Word,
That preached may be the Christ, the Lord,
Unto the poor the heavenly Light
The deaf man's Ear, the blind man's Sight.

That thus each suffering child of woe,
May light receive, and comfort know;
Thus every hand the treasure hold,
And error's cloud away be rolled.

O Holy Ghost, Who gavest the word
With Thine own truth Thy light afford,
Give thou the quickening, saving power,
On all the earth Thy blessings shower.

Let grace thus turn each wanderer's eye,
To Him Who did for sinners die;
And Who His ministers hath taught
To seal the pardon He hath bought.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
May every tongue and nation raise
An endless song of thankful praise. [130]

III.

¶ *The hymn,* Christ before Thy door, *used for the Ninth Sunday after Trinity, will serve for the second hymn.*

---

## Church Building.

¶ *The hymn,* City of Heaven, *will serve for the first hymn, and* Christ before Thy door, *for the second hymn.*

---

## Church Schools.

I.

Lord of the sinless world above!
Saviour! bow down Thine ear, and hear;
While we, the Children of Thy love,
Within Thy holy Church appear;
Bearing upon our brow Thy sign
Of grace and love, the Cross divine!

We of Thy fulness have received,
And grace for grace, a plenteous shower,
And though Thy Spirit we have grieved
Too oft, since our baptismal hour;
To Thee we come, that here we may
Confess, and be absolved, and pray.

For though, O God, Thou art so high,
Yet for the lowliest Thou dost care;
And Children may Hosannah cry,
Rejoicing in Thy house of prayer.
Thus to Thy Church on earth is given,
To be the type and pledge of Heaven.

Therefore we bless Thee, mighty Lord!
For blessings here, for hopes above;
And in our choral hymn record
Our Church's care, our Saviour's love!
With Angels and Archangels' host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

[131]

*Or,*

Oh! who are they, so pure and bright,
Before the Throne, arrayed in white?
They stand, serene and calmly fair,
As conscious of high welcome there.

See, from afar, a length'ning band
Of lowly penitents, that stand
With angels gladd'ning their abode;
But who are these, so near to God?

That starry crown around their brow,
It tells their sacred glory now;
Blest Virgin-souls, who faultless come
From font of grace or martyrdom!

And in their mouth is found no guile,
Christ's holy innocents, whose smile
Shines purer from their knowing not
Upon their souls, sin's conscious blot.

These, these are they, the undefil'd,
The child-like Saint, the saint-like Child,
Marked with Christ's cross, or earth's dark frown,
But wearing there that starry crown.

O help us, Saviour, by Thy grace,
Near Thee to win that heavenly place,
Now following where Thy footsteps trod,
Blameless, and harmless, sons of God.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. [132]

II.

¶ *The hymn,* Christ before thy door, *used for the Ninth Sunday after Trinity, will serve for the second hymn.*

---

¶ *The following hymn may be used as occasion requires, instead of the second hymn for the Epiphany.*

QUÆ STELLA SOLE PULCHRIOR.

How lovely in the Eastern sky
Shines forth the herald from on high;
And oh! how glad the news from heaven,
The King is born, the Son is given!

Behold the long-predicted sign,
The Star of Jacob's ancient line;
The Eastern sages hail its rays,
And raptured stand in anxious gaze.

And soon within their hearts there shine,
Rays fairer still, and more divine,
Which gently summon them to rise,
And trust the guidance of the skies.

When God commands, the wise obey;
Love sees no danger in the way;
Home, neighbours, friends, their steps recall;
The voice of God outweighs them all.

Oh! while the Star of heavenly grace
Invites us, Lord, to seek Thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light, which shines so well.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
May every tongue and nation raise
An endless song of thankful praise. [133]

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N. B. The above Tunes may be found in the following Works:—Hullah's Psalter.—Parish Choir.—Choral Melodies (a collection of German and old Latin tunes).—Kilner's Selection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes.—Hand-Book of Psalm Tunes.—Sacred Hymns and Anthems, with the Music.—Dies Iræ, by W. J. Irons, B.D. with the Ancient Music.

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